

The People

London Edition

SUNDAY, JULY 30, 1939

No. 3013 58th Year

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FOOD STORAGE

**ORDER AN
EXTRA BOTTLE
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M.P.s Will Hear Some Cheering Eve-Of-Holiday News Tomorrow

BRITAIN IS SAFER, AND BUSIER, TOO

A
MAYOR
GREETED
THE
QUEEN



The Queen greeted by the Mayor when she stopped at Andover on her way to Tidworth yesterday to present a new standard to the Queen's Bays, which are shortly leaving for foreign service.

BY OUR DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENT

TWO FACTORS OF VITAL INTEREST TO BRITAIN—SECURITY AND EMPLOYMENT—WILL BE THE SUBJECT OF REASSURING STATEMENTS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS TOMORROW BEFORE M.P.s GO ON HOLIDAY AT THE END OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Chamberlain, in a review of world affairs, will, I understand, emphasise that the next few critical months ahead should be survived without war.

The Premier will draw a picture of a Britain so strong in supplies and reserves of planes, warships, guns, shells and bombs that it need fear no other Power. And he will stress Britain's determination to stand by the guarantees she has given and to pursue the rearmament programme until all possible danger is over.

Immediate problems confronting the Government will be reviewed by Mr. Chamberlain. I understand that he will outline the position in the following way:—

RUSSIA

With important developments expected in the Moscow talks this week-end on the proposed pact of anti-aggression, British and French Military Missions will probably go to Moscow at the end of the week to discuss with the Soviet General Staff problems of strategy and supplies.

One of the difficulties yet to be overcome is the question of what precisely constitutes indirect aggression. It is unlikely that Britain will give way on this question, as it concerns the Baltic States.

DANZIG

Britain will honour her pledges to Poland should the Poles have to meet aggression from Germany.

FAR EAST

Talks with the Japanese Government over the trouble in Tientsin will continue. Britain is bearing in mind the cancelling of the Anglo-Japanese Trade Treaty, should Japan refuse to consider a reasonable settlement.

But before such a step is decided on further talks are deemed advisable.

Another comforting assurance for M.P.s will be the announcement that in the coming weeks our Navy will be mobilised at full strength with every warship fully manned and ready for action.

THE HOUSE WILL ALSO HEAR CHEERING NEWS FROM MR. ERNEST BROWN, THE MINISTER OF LABOUR. HE WILL REVEAL THAT JULY UNEMPLOYMENT FIGURES SHOW A FURTHER DROP OF ABOUT 100,000, AND THAT BY THE END OF OCTOBER BRITAIN SHOULD HAVE FEWER THAN 1,000,000 OUT OF WORK.

But the figures Mr. Brown will announce will not take into account the fact that since official returns reached him on July 10, 30,000 Militiamen have been called up and 60,000 Territorials have gone into camp.

BIG WORKS SCHEME

Many of these have been temporarily replaced by men from Labour Exchanges, and it is estimated that since July 10 a further 50,000 unemployed, in addition to the 100,000 mentioned by the Minister, have been taken off the unemployment registers.

Questions about providing alternative employment if the armaments programme were suddenly to end will probably be put to Mr. Brown this week by M.P.s.

His answer, I understand, will be similar to that announced in "The People" some weeks ago—that the Government has a gigantic £1,000,000,000 works scheme prepared. The plan can be put into operation as soon as the need for it arises.

In any case, it will be pointed out that our extra planes, warships, guns and establishment will need much bigger factory staffs to keep the defensive forces of the country up to date and efficient.

And now a final note of reassurance—MONEY. The nation's spending power is £15,000,000 more than it was at this time last year. Notes in circulation have reached a new, all-time high record, and by the end of this week will exceed in value £520,000,000.

So great is the demand to the Bank of England from the "Big Five" Banks that extra notes are being printed at the rate of £1,000,000 worth a day. And during Bank Holiday week the banks calculate that Britain will spend at least £100,000,000.

TODAY'S WEATHER

Moderate south-westerly winds; fresh on coast; cloudy, with occasional rain and local coastal fog; rather warm and close. Further outlook: Unsettled.

ATTACKED GIRL:

WOMAN IS HELD

A woman, aged about thirty-six, is to appear at Kingston County Petty Sessions tomorrow following a call which police officers received to a house in Knoll-rd., Tolworth, yesterday.

Miss Nora Summers, twenty-six, alleged that she had been attacked. A woman later accompanied police to Surbiton Police Station.

OFFICERS' RESERVE IS REOPENED

THE War Office announces that the Officers' Emergency Reserve has been reopened, and that a limited number of further applicants with the necessary qualifications can now be accepted.

The Officers' Emergency Reserve, now called the Army Officers' Emergency Reserve, was formed in 1937 to register the names of those possessing military experience, or technical, scientific or academic qualifications, prepared to give an honourable undertaking to present themselves for military service if and when called upon.

Because of the large number of applications received, enrolment was closed temporarily last January.

Home Fleet Is On Way To Rosyth

SHIPS OF THE HOME FLEET, INCLUDING THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER ARK ROYAL AND THE CRUISERS AURORA AND GLASGOW, SAILED FROM PORTSMOUTH YESTERDAY FOR ROSYTH, IN THE FIRTH OF FORTH.

H.M.S. Nelson, the flagship, is remaining at Portsmouth for some days.

Many of the 3,000 Naval Reservists expected at Portsmouth by tomorrow have already arrived.

On being passed through medical examination and other inspection, they are being sent to ships of the Reserve Fleet.

It is expected that by tomorrow night the Naval barracks will have lost nearly all its active service ratings and will be in the hands of pensioners.

Japanese Release British Soldiers

Shanghai, Saturday.

FOUR BRITISH SOLDIERS AND A BRITISH ARMY LORRY WERE DETAINED BY THE JAPANESE IN SHANGHAI TODAY, BUT RELEASED AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF BRITISH OFFICERS.

The Japanese claimed that the lorry with the soldiers had entered the Japanese area.

Japanese troops had encroached on the British defence sector by crossing westward between the North and the North Station, removing British barricades and building Japanese barricades 50 feet beyond where the British had stood. They explained that they had moved the barricades in preparation for holding a census of unincorporated Chinese in the new man's land between the Japanese and Japanese barricades.

CHINESE FLEE

After the Japanese had built their own barricades, however, the British returned to the blockhouse and also look guard within the new barricades.

Thousands of Chinese abandoned the area to avoid having to live under Japanese guard. About 10,000 panic-stricken refugees, carrying their belongings, streamed into the British sector.

Meanwhile, attempts are being made to extend the anti-British boycott in the Chinese news agency. The Chinese Consulate has urged Chinese residents in the British sector to move into the Chinese city, and has also organised demonstrations in the streets urging a Chinese boycott.

From Peking also come reports that the streets are again plastered with anti-British posters and banners, after a day's lull.

It is understood that United States troops throughout China have begun to draw up a list of Japanese-American residents since the beginning of hostilities.

Some 500 are reported to total more than 100,000 in the State department in its dealings with Japan.

The incidents include bombings of American property on 20 occasions.

This Will Please Plain Jane

HERE are words of comfort for those millions of women whose mirrors tell them that not all the powders, creams and lotions in the world will ever make them beautiful:—

PERFECT BEAUTY is a liability rather than an asset. Nearly all the great women in history had facial imperfections. Even Cleopatra, for whom Antony lost half the globe, was far less beautiful than Antony's wife.

In any case, men dislike flawless beauty in women. They prefer women with average good looks, health, a warm and sympathetic nature and that mysterious something called the eternal feminine.

AUTHORITY for this comfort: Miss Elizabeth Macdonald Osborne, consultant on women's problems, of Boston University, U.S.A. (quoted by B.U.P.).

German Exiles Wrecked On Goodwins

LIVES SAVED BY A MINUTE

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

TWO GERMAN REFUGEES WHO TRIED TO CROSS FROM BELGIUM TO ENGLAND IN A SMALL DINGHY WERE YESTERDAY DETAINED BY THE DEAL (KENT) POLICE AFTER THE WALMER LIFEBOAT CREW HAD SAVED THEM, IN THE NICK OF TIME, FROM DEATH ON THE DREADED GOODWINS.

First news of the Germans' plight came when the Goodwin lightship reported that a water-logged boat with two men was being swept up the Channel.

Later, it was announced that the boat was stranded on the Goodwins two or three miles north-east of the lightship.

There, the small and frail craft, with her oars lost, was being buffeted by heavy seas. An old wreck at this point had a big race running over it, and the men's position was desperate. When the Walmer lifeboat set out to the rescue, it was evident that the crew were to engage in a race for life.

The lifeboat reached the dinghy almost immediately after it had capsized and had thrown the men into the water.

Mr. Joe Mercer, the Walmer coxswain, said afterwards: "There were spars and pieces of wreckage sticking up all round the dinghy. As we neared the spot the small boat capsized. The men were flung into the water and carried away by the current."

"We dashed after them, though there was risk of the lifeboat itself being stove in by pieces of wreckage."

"WE TOOK RISKS"

"But we took risks. We flung the Germans lifelines and lifebelts and hauled them, half-drowned, on board. Then we bundled them into the engine-room to keep them warm. We picked up the dinghy, made it fast astern, and dashed for the shore."

"On the way home we got a lot of salt water out of both of them. In all my years of lifeboat work I have never seen such a close shave. In another minute or two both men would have gone."

Deal police stated last night that the men were being detained under an immigration officer's order.

The men are Walter Altmann, (twenty), of Vienna, and Gunter Mann (nineteen), of Berlin.

Altmann, who has a sister in service in Northern Ireland, said that he and Mann had tried to settle down in many European countries, but were refused permission. In despair they decided on England as a last resource, and they had purchased the dinghy for 500 francs at Ostend.

The men have no money and no passports.

GERMANS BLAME POLES FOR FLOODS

Berlin, Saturday.

Poland is accused in the German Press of being partly responsible for the flooding of the River Oder, which has caused serious devastation in Silesia.

It is asserted that the failure of the Poles to repair dams and dykes in Polish Silesia has contributed to the danger.

At Ratibor, on the Polish frontier, the river has reached an all-time record of 24 ft. and inhabitants are travelling through the streets by boat.

"Dud" Notes From Cells

Jail Forgery Sensation

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

INVESTIGATIONS MADE BY SCOTLAND YARD OFFICERS AND LOCAL POLICE WERE STATED, LAST NIGHT, TO HAVE PROVED THAT SOUTH COAST RESORTS HAVE BEEN FLOODED WITH "TREA-SURY" NOTES FORGED IN PARKHURST PRISON, I.O.W.

Four convicts, now isolated, are suspected of being the leaders in the most audacious forgery scheme ever conceived.

These four men were working in the photographic department of the prison a few weeks ago when a valuable lens disappeared. The lens made the copying of documents quite simple. Soon afterwards the "dud" notes were found circulating at Southern resorts.

No fewer than ten £1 note forgeries were traced to the prison within a few days.

Close watch was kept on a number of cells, and, during the absence of one suspect, officers found a hoard of forged notes.

BIG PROBE

The assistance of Scotland Yard officers was sought in an effort to solve the mystery, and, last night, convicts and officers at Parkhurst were being closely questioned at the request of the "Yard."

It was stated that a new line of inquiry was being followed and that this "was likely to have a sensational sequel."

The jail forgery racket was first discovered when a Newport shop-keeper detected a "dud" note.

An attempt to pass a second one made him suspicious and, when it became known that the "passer" was a man employed at the prison, the authorities ordered inquiries to be made.

Disabled Men's Darts Challenge

DISABLED men at Enham Centre, near Andover, Hants, for war-disabled men have entered a team in the darts championship for the Lonsdale Trophy, the great national tournament organised by "The People."

(See also Page Sixteen.)

On Other Pages

Big Cash Prizes Page 14
Radio Programmes Page 14
New Darts Contest Page 16

Enter Your FAVOURITE 'SNAP' FOR THE Boots AMATEUR SNAPSHOT COMPETITION £50 CASH PRIZES

To Boots Customers every week during August

Here's a competition for every amateur photographer this holiday. Of course you'll be taking "Snaps" whether at home or on holiday. This is your chance to let your camera win a welcome cash prize.

No irksome conditions, no entrance fee, and no long period of waiting before the results are announced.

RESULTS WILL BE ANNOUNCED WEEKLY

NO ENTRANCE FEE

See your Boots branch windows for full details

1st Prize £25
2nd Prize £10
3rd Prize £5
10 CONSOLATION PRIZES OF £1.

"Any Complaints?"

ARMY CHIEFS TO INSPECT MILITIA MUD

COMPLAINTS ABOUT POOR FOOD, INADEQUATE ACCOMMODATION AND MUD AT MILITIA CAMPS ARE TO BE INVESTIGATED BY THE WAR OFFICE.

Every camp is to be inspected by an Army chief.

Lieut.-General Sir Robert Venning, Quartermaster-General of the Army, and Sir Isidor Salmon, honorary catering adviser to the War Office, have already inspected several camps in the Midlands and the West of England.

WEATHER BLAMED

The War Office holds that it cannot be held to blame for the muddy conditions at some of the camps.

The bad weather has upset the military experts' plans. It has turned the ground into quagmires, and, even worse, it has held up the work on the building of permanent huts.

Captain A. Cameron, who is in charge of the Oswestry Militia camp, replied yesterday to the allegation by Mr. Tom Smith, Socialist M.P. for Northampton, that Militia are sleeping there in tents, that fifty are in hospital, that one has died from pneumonia, and that the food is poor and scarce.

Captain Cameron said that no one at the camp has died from pneumonia. Some of the men had bad colds owing to the bad weather.

In no tents were there more than six Militiamen, and the tents were warm and comfortable.

"The food is better than that provided for the Regulars," Captain Cameron added.

MINISTER'S VISIT

Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, Minister for War, went to Arford, Berks, Militia camp yesterday. He asked if there were any complaints, and was told that there were none.

Talking informally to a group of the men after they had been dismissed he asked them a number of searching questions about the conditions.

MUDLARKS!

This is not an old picture of the Western Front, but a modern Territorial camp at Corfe Castle, Dorset, where the 128th Infantry Brigade (T.A.) is getting its "baptism of mud."



ETON BOY WEDS SHOPGIRL

Wells, Saturday.

WHEN an ex-Eton school-boy married a cobbler's daughter at the village church of Crocombe, near Wells, yesterday, his family did not attend. It was stated that they had left for London for the week-end.

The bridegroom was Howard Patrick Morley, aged twenty-three, elder son of Mr. Charles Morley, of Shockerwick, near Bath, a former Sheriff of the County of London.

The head of the Morley family is Lord Hollenden, a distant cousin of the bridegroom.

The bride was Lily Strange, whose father is an electrician but also carries on a small boot repairing business at Bath.

Lily's best friend, Rose Horler, daughter of a Crocombe pensioner, was married at the same time to Lily's brother, Mr. Frederick Strange, and the whole of the village attended this double wedding.

Our £1,250 Crossword

REALLY JOLLY WAY TO HOLIDAY

HOLIDAYS ARE THE CHIEF TOPIC OF CONVERSATION TODAY, AND UPPERMOST IN THE MINDS OF MOST OF THOSE GOING AWAY IS THE QUESTION OF ACCOMMODATION.

But that is a thing that need never worry any reader of "The People," for our magnificent Crossword prize offer provides an ideal solution to the where-to-stay seaside problem.

And you will find that solving it

will add abundantly to the pleasures of holiday time.

Wherever you may be, or wherever you plan to go, a "People" crossword will ensure that there need not be a dull moment.

And think of what you may win. Our first prize offer comprises a fully-furnished seaside bungalow anywhere you prefer, with garage, car and a sum of £750. Alternatively, the first-prize winner may have £1,250 in cash.

In addition, there are unlimited prizes of a valuable and useful nature for runners-up.

JUDGES' VERDICT

In connection with Crossword No. 161, the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious answers on one square were those submitted by:

Mrs. C. Betteridge, 209, Swindon-rd., Cheltenham, Glos.; Mr. A. V. Booth, 33, Edale-rd., Sheffield; Mrs. H. M. Goodwin, 25, Kingsfield Oval, Bassetford, Stoke-on-Trent; Mr. W. Harrison, Rosetta, Rea-ville Park, Dundonald, Belfast; Mr. H. Haslam, 2, Walmsley-rd., Broadstairs; Mr. R. G. Pegler, Inanda, Flackwell Heath, High Wycombe; Miss L. M. Quinn, 1a, St. John-ter, Plumstead, S.E.; Mr. G. Robinson, 7, Osmaston-rd., Sheffield; Mr. S. Smart, 24, Westgate-st., Bath, Som.; Mrs. E. Wager, 42, Lewis-rd., Park View, Welling, Kent.

In connection with the terms and conditions of the competition, these competitors share the £1,250 first prize and will each receive a cheque for £250. Any other entrant who believes that he, or she, submitted a square eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by no later than first post Wednesday, August 2, sending £1

AID TO SUCCESS

To help readers with their crossword entries, "The People" publishes each week a free magazine full of useful information and hints.

This guide to crossword success—"The Companion to the World"—can be obtained by writing to the Competition Dept., 6, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.

Enclose a 6d. P.O. (crossed) & Co. and made payable to Odhams Press Ltd.) to cover postage for twelve weeks.

scrutiny fee, copy of all squares submitted and postal order number. Enclose to the registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Manager, "The People," 6, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Circus, E.C.4.

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the runners-up prizes. 1st Runners-up—101 competitors, from whom we received squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate answer compared with the best squares received, will be notified and given a choice of one of the 17 articles.

2nd Runners-up—71 competitors, from whom we received squares inferior in merit by reason of only two less apt and accurate answers compared with the best squares received, will be notified; each lady will receive a lemonade set, consisting of jug and 8 tumblers, and each gentleman a slipper box.

CROSSWORD No. 161

The most meritorious answers used by competitors decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those shown in the square below.

Two squares each contain two letters to indicate that at these points competitors who used the words GIFT or TIFT

M P A C K S P
H A V E O N O B O E
T O O A R S H
S C O T S C A R A T
E H W I N K Y G B
E F I R E W O V A
P L W I N G E R
B O W L E R S O T
S H F A R E S S
T I E R O U G H
L E T T E R F I D O
R E A R I F T

and SHOT or SHOW were regarded as having submitted answers of equal merit. Extracts from the reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 161, form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in this week's "The People's World."

Here's A Real Life Screen Drama

MAN MURDERED BY MISTAKE

HADN'T AN ENEMY IN THE WORLD

New York,

DEATH MET MR. IRVING PENN LAST TUESDAY MORNING IN A WAY HE WOULD NOT HAVE BELIEVED POSSIBLE HAD HE SEEN IT IN THE MOVIES.

Fat, forty-two, good-natured, without a single enemy in all the world, Mr. Penn left his home in East 178th Street, in the Bronx, in the morning to walk to his work as manager of the royalties department of G. Schirmer, Inc., the music publishers.

He did not notice a car parked near his home, with four men in it. Neighbours had seen it waiting some two hours.

Mr. Penn had walked only a few yards when the driver of the car started the engine and the car rolled slowly forward. One of the men in the car opened a door and stepped out. He pulled out a pistol. The calm of the morning was shattered by five cracks of the pistol.

Mr. Penn lay sprawled on the pavement. The car and its occupants sped away.

Before Mr. Penn died in the Ford hospital a few hours later, he gasped out to the listening detectives: "I haven't got an enemy in the world. There is no reason why anybody should have shot me."

G-MEN BAFFLED

Detectives dug into Mr. Penn's past. They found he was married, with two daughters aged fourteen and ten. He had never been known to quarrel with anybody. He had never been known to be angry. He earned £1,000 a year and lived well within his means.

They found he used often to go to the East Bronx in the evening on his way home from work, and scented a clue which might unravel the mystery why anybody should murder Mr. Penn in cold blood.

But they discovered was that Mr. Penn used to visit his aged mother on these occasions—that he was the kind of son to make any woman glad.

Mr. Penn's only adventure in life was his love of baseball Saturdays and Sundays, when the Giants were playing at home. Mr. Penn left home to watch the games.

As Mr. Penn was 5 ft. 8 in. tall and weighed 14 st. 10 lb., it seemed impossible that he could have been mistaken for anyone else. Even the G-Men seemed baffled.—B.U.P.

This was the story of the killing of Mr. Penn that was sent to London by Atlantic air mail yesterday. The answer to the problem just beat the Clipper mail plane over the ocean.

Mr. Penn, it was found later, had been mistaken for racketeer Joseph Morosini, a Philadelphia racketeer who had been in New York's public enemy No. 1, Louis (Lepke) Buchalter, had ordered Morosini to be "put on the spot."

Now the killing of Mr. Penn may spoil the chances of a man who hopes to get to the White House one day—Mr. Thomas E. Dewey, New York's racket-busting district attorney. Mr. Dewey's Presidential ambitions may receive a setback unless he can maintain his reputation as "racket buster" of New York by bringing the murderers of Mr. Penn to book.—B.U.P.

ACCUSED OF SHOOTING AT HIS FATHER

WEARING a dressing-gown, and with one hand in bandages, a forty-two-year-old man was accused at Lambeth yesterday of shooting his father and another man with revolvers.

Det.-Insp. Vanstone said that he saw Arthur St. Clare Graham Bell, of Rose-de-ne-ave, Streatham, in hospital yesterday morning, and told him he would take him into custody for attempting to murder his father, Major Elliot Bell, retired, of Dene Hotel, Leigham Court, Streatham, and Joseph Edmund King, of Knollys-rd., W. Norwood.

Mr. father jabbed at me with an umbrella and I fired at him. King grabbed with me, so I fired at him. I was not a bit of a shot, but I fired at King he was on top of me, and I think the wound he got on his chest was where the bullet deflected.

Bell: "That is not quite exactly as it happened. I was attacked and was trying to push them out. I said I fired in his direction to prevent him jabbing me, and not at him."

Bell was remanded until Thursday.

£190,000 PLANS TO IMPROVE HOSPITALS

Improvements proposed at four L.C.C. hospitals are estimated to cost nearly £190,000.

At St. Mary's, Islington, a new maternity block containing 93 beds and a separate ante-natal department are recommended, with a basement shelter provided, the whole to cost £77,500.

A new nurses' home at St. Peter's, Whitechapel, will cost £52,225, and at St. Olave's, Rotherhithe, a new out-patient's department and ante-natal unit is to be constructed at a cost of £31,200. Modernisation at the Eastern Hospital, Homerton, is to be continued at a cost of £26,000.

SURGEON'S LEGACY TO HIS STUD GROOM

Disposing of £20,190 estate, Mr. Albert Boyce Barrow, F.R.C.S., of King's Court Farm, Writtle, Essex, late senior surgeon at King's College and the Royal Free Hospitals, left £1,000 and 5 per cent. of the sale of his horses to his stud groom, William Tiddy.

MAN ACCUSED OF BIGAMY REJOINS WIFE

A SOLDIER, RELEASED ON BAIL YESTERDAY, AT WESTMINSTER POLICE COURT, ON A CHARGE OF BIGAMY, LEFT THE COURT WITH HIS LAWFUL WIFE, WHO HAD GIVEN EVIDENCE.

Henry Tatler, twenty-eight, a lance-corporal in the 2nd Batt. Royal Fusiliers, stationed at Dover, was charged with bigamously marrying Elizabeth Jane Dougherty at the Fulham Register Office on August 19, 1935.

Mrs. Winnie Tatler, the lawful wife who lives at Radnor-ave, Herwall, Wirral, Cheshire, on being called, said at first that she did not wish to give evidence against her husband.

"I only just want to say I am the legal wife," she said. On her position being explained by the magistrate, she said she married Tatler at the Birkenhead Register Office on September 19, 1931. They lived together for nearly three years. He then left her without giving any reason. There was one child.

Magistrates Who Snub Large Families

REMARKS OF A REGISTRAR TO A MOTHER OF 14 CHILDREN ARE TO HAVE AN ECHO IN PARLIAMENT.

Lieut.-Col Sir Arnold Wilson, Conservative M.P. for Hitchin, is to call the Attorney-General's attention to them and inquire if any action has been taken.



Miss R. Langer, of the Maccabi Club, after winning the women's long distance championship over five miles from Kew to Putney.

"REIGN OF TERROR" SAYS DETECTIVE

"There is a reign of terror in Camden Town and this man is the leader of a gang of violent men," said a detective yesterday when Frederick Andrews, a twenty-six-year-old lorry-driver, appeared at Marylebone. Andrews was accused of maliciously wounding Mrs. Jean Lewis and Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, neither of whom was present in court. Summonses ordering the women to attend were ordered, and Mrs. Andrews promises that he would interfere with witnesses, he was remanded in custody for a week.

EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE THIS

GLOBE of the WORLD



LARGE SIZE PRINTED IN SIX COLOURS

HERE'S a unique opportunity for readers of "The People" to secure a magnificent £2 2s. Large Size GLOBE OF THE WORLD on astonishingly Low Privilege Terms. This is a very special and strictly limited offer which must be accepted quickly. These Globes are now being produced and will be ready in a few weeks. It is urgent, however, that you reserve at once and get your name on the application list. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. Simply complete Form below and send in, together with 4d. (fourpence) in stamps. This reserves and guarantees your Globe for you. You pay for your Globe—either by cash or easy instalments—AFTER you get it. Apply immediately.

This Globe of the world, in the base is printed throughout in SIX COLOURS. It measures 13 1/2 inches in diameter and is just under 2 1/2 high. The Globe has an aluminium half-meridian with raised degree marks by which you can measure accurately distances between points north and south. The wooden pedestal and base is polished rich mahogany shade. At the top of the globe is fitted an ingenious TIME INDICATOR which gives you the correct time prevailing in any town or city in the world. In the base is inserted a beautiful fully finished MAGNETIC COMPASS. This magnificent Globe can be yours for 4d. in stamps, AT ONCE, which you send AFTER you receive the Globe. An amazing bargain, or by EASY PAYMENTS. You send 3s. after you receive your Globe and promise to pay the balance in six consecutive fortnightly payments of 3s. each. In either case the Globe will be dispatched, post paid, to your home.

DO THIS NOW

Complete Form below, indicating which method of payment—cash or instalments you wish to accept. POST FORM, together with 4d. in stamps, AT ONCE. This guarantees your Globe for you, and it will be sent to your home as soon as it is ready. At the same time you will be sent an invoice which MUST be returned with your remittance (full cash or first instalment) within 7 days AFTER receipt of your Globe.

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GLOBE of the WORLD—RESERVATION ORDER FORM

TO: GLOBE PRESENTATION DEPT., N.1. (Odhams Press Ltd.), 4, ARNE STREET, LONDON, W.C.2. (PREF.)

PLEASE reserve my Globe of the World in my name. I enclose with this Form 4d. (fourpence) in stamps as Reservation Fee. This guarantees my Globe to my name. I understand that you dispatch my Globe in a few days and that an invoice will be sent me. I certify that I will remit amount (full payment or first instalment) as specified below WITHIN SEVEN DAYS OF RECEIPT OF GLOBE. If adopting instalment plan I undertake to remit six further instalments of 3s. (three shillings) each at intervals of 14 days. I understand Globe remains property of Odhams Press Ltd. until payment is completed.

CASH		INSTALLMENTS	
Applicant sends 15s. 6d. AFTER receipt of globe, post free.	You must cross out method of payment NOT accepted.	Applicant sends 3s. AFTER receipt of globe and promises to pay six further instalments of 3s. each, due one each fortnight. (Postage on Globe is free.)	
<p>IMPORTANT. All applicants MUST send with this Form 4d. (fourpence) in LOOSE STAMPS. This Form and 4d. in stamps must be posted in sealed envelope bearing 1d. stamp.</p>			
<p>INSTALMENT PURCHASERS MUST complete section below.</p>			
<p>Are you a householder? (Yes/No)..... If under 21 your parent or guardian must sign below.</p>			
<p>SIGNATURE..... This after applies only to Gt. Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. Residents in Eire will be required to pay any charges levied.</p>			
<p>DATE..... LAST DAY FOR RECEIPT OF RESERVATIONS SATURDAY, AUGUST 5th. "People" 30/7/39.</p>			

- GLOBE 13 1/2 in. DIAMETER
- HIGHLY GLAZED SURFACE
- ALUMINIUM HALF-MERIDIAN
- PATENT TIME INDICATOR
- MAGNETIC COMPASS
- MAHOGANY FINISHED BASE AND PEDESTAL

What would You give for THIS SENSATION



Cooltan is the World's biggest Sun-Tan Product. Huge Success. As popular with MEN of all ages as with WOMEN. (Judith Stokers and Kiddy Tan) is a Chemist's everywhere. Tubes, 2/- and 1/3 and 1/6. Try it! You'll love it! It's the only one that gives you a perfect, flawless, Bronze, in quick time without the LEAST fear of Blisters, Burns, Peeling, Redness or Freckles! No oil or grease to spoil clothes or grow hair. No messy jelly. No stinging spirit. No sneaky jelly. Just a genuine scientific marvel that's on its own in creating a quick and absolutely marvellous Burn-free TAN!

Cooltan, the genuine original Sun Tan Product, was introduced in 1929. It still leads by miles.

DEPRESSED - Jittery - Off Colour - IRRITABLE?



Out of the gloom of pain-moodiness and Depression, a new NEW DAY—by means of this remarkable new Medicine. Achieving: Blood-Purifying, Stimulating, Corrective: Kidney and Tonic: Body, Brain and Nerves. Pick-you-up, Ekner makes you FIT as never before. Get a 1/11 package of Ekner's New Pep, or posted by Sun Street, London, W.1. Your money back if Ekner doesn't improve your health appearance noticeably within 3 days. You SHOULD try it.

MET HIS BRIDE AT BIBLE CLASS



For Aggrieved
Householders

BILLETING COMPLAINTS TRIBUNAL

APPEAL tribunals will be set up in billeting areas to which householders "aggrieved by billeting requirements" during an emergency can put their case. This was announced yesterday by the Ministry of Health in a circular to local authorities telling them of further plans for the war-time evacuation, of the priority groups under the Government scheme. Each appeal tribunal would consist of three members, one a woman, and local authorities are asked to draw up lists. The standard of one person to a habitable room would not normally be exceeded, but it is conceivable that in some cases it might be necessary to go above this standard as a temporary measure in some particular district. It is emphasized that billeting officers must be carefully selected "as persons of tact, common-sense and judgment." Proposals are under consideration for extending the evacuation plans.

SOVIET MAY END PACT WITH JAPAN

Moscow, Saturday. Fresh confirmation that the Soviet Union intends to abrogate the agreement with Japan concerning oil concessions in Northern Sakhalin, was given today. "The official Government newspaper," issued a statement accusing the Japanese Press of deliberately deceiving the Japanese public.

HAVE HAPPY HOLIDAY FEET

With The Aid Of
Zam-Buk

ON holiday—whether in the country or at the seaside—there's going to be a lot of extra work for your feet. But there's no reason why you should not swing along, light of step, and enjoy every moment of your recreation, if you look after your feet with Zam-Buk ointment. A nightly rub-over will give you healthy, happy feet. Convenient, first bathe your feet in warm water. Then after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus pain, swelling & inflammation are quickly relieved. Troublesome hard skin and corns are softened and easily removed; blisters and soreness are healed, and ankles, joints, toes and feet are made cool and comfortable again.

Use ZAM-BUK Regularly

KEATING'S KILLS

ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS etc.—even bugs

Carroll: 2d., 6d., 1/- Powder Flask 1/-

Marriage a Chapel Banned

(See picture above)

MAN, 66, WEDS GIRL OF 18

AFTER the authorities of a Nonconformist chapel had banned the wedding because of the disparity in the ages of the bride and bridegroom, Mr. Ludwig Ernst Stelling, aged sixty-six, was married yesterday at St. Barnabas' Church, Dulwich, to Miss Gertrude Kendall aged eighteen.

Mr. Stelling is a retired estate agent, of Lordship-lane, East Dulwich, and his bride is the daughter of Mr. V. R. Kendall, of Bexley-rd., Eltham, S.E.

A crowd of more than 300, mostly women, greeted the couple when they left the church after the wedding. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. R. W. Brown, M.C., and some 400 people attended the service.

"LIKELY TO CAUSE OFFENCE"

Arrangements had previously been made for the wedding to take place at Rye-lane Nonconformist Chapel, which the bride and bridegroom both attend. After the invitations had been sent out, however, the bride's father was notified by the chapel authorities that the marriage could not take place.

The chapel secretary, Mr. U. E. Butters, in a letter to Mr. Kendall, wrote: "The disparity in the ages of the contracting parties is so great that the holding of the ceremony is likely to cause great offence to members."

Mr. Kendall, who gave his daughter away, told a reporter afterwards: "My daughter is old enough to know her own mind, and, when the couple asked my



"When at the seaside I always rub my feet with Zam-Buk because it keeps them cool, fresh, and free from soreness and swelling. Zam-Buk is also shielded for softening and removing hard callouses."—Mrs. M. S. Leighou-Sa.

I could scarcely walk for a bad heel which was caused by skin peeling away. But Zam-Buk came to my rescue, and soothed and completely healed my sore foot."—Mr. T. D. Africham.

FURNITURE VALUES

FREE SPECIAL SALE PRICES
Delivery FREE
MIRRORS 10/-
BEDSTEADS 2/-
SHELVES 1/-
CHAIRS 1/-
Tables 1/-
Chests 1/-
Dressers 1/-
Wardrobes 1/-
Cupboards 1/-
Sinks 1/-
Baths 1/-
Toilets 1/-
Showers 1/-
Beds 1/-
Mats 1/-
Covers 1/-
Curtains 1/-
Blinds 1/-
Screens 1/-
Rugs 1/-
Carpets 1/-
Furniture 1/-
Electrical 1/-
Plumbing 1/-
Painting 1/-
Papering 1/-
Gardening 1/-
Carpentry 1/-
Joinery 1/-
Blacksmith 1/-
Welding 1/-
Foundry 1/-
Machine 1/-
Tool 1/-
Saw 1/-
Hammer 1/-
Screw 1/-
Nail 1/-
Wire 1/-
Rope 1/-
Canvas 1/-
Paper 1/-
Ink 1/-
Pen 1/-
Pencil 1/-
Eraser 1/-
Compass 1/-
Square 1/-
Level 1/-
Spirit 1/-
Plumb 1/-
Line 1/-
Tape 1/-
Scale 1/-
Gauge 1/-
Caliper 1/-
Vernier 1/-
Micrometer 1/-
Goniometer 1/-
Spectrometer 1/-
Polarimeter 1/-
Refractometer 1/-
Thermometer 1/-
Barometer 1/-
Anemometer 1/-
Hygrometer 1/-
Chronometer 1/-
Stopwatch 1/-
Ruler 1/-
Protractor 1/-
Set-square 1/-
Compass 1/-
Dividers 1/-
Pencil 1/-
Pen 1/-
Ink 1/-
Paper 1/-
Canvas 1/-
Rope 1/-
Wire 1/-
Screw 1/-
Nail 1/-
Hammer 1/-
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Baths 1/-
Sinks 1/-
Cupboards 1/-
Wardrobes 1/-
Chests 1/-
Tables 1/-
CHAIRS 1/-
BEDSTEADS 2/-
MIRRORS 10/-
Delivery FREE
FREE SPECIAL SALE PRICES

Detectives Swoop On Homes And Round Up I.R.A. Suspects

Women Held For Questioning

SPECIAL BRANCH MEN OF SCOTLAND YARD, ARMED WITH THE NEW POWERS CONFERRED ON THEM BY THE I.R.A. BILL, SWOOPED YESTERDAY ON A NUMBER OF HOUSES IN THE LONDON AREA WHERE SUSPECTS WERE BELIEVED TO BE LIVING.

Hundreds of C.I.D. officers in every part of the Metropolitan Division took part in the raids.

Scores of men and women were taken to police-stations for examination. The Yard already had details of their criminal and political careers and many were detained while the police asked the Home Secretary to sign deportation orders.

It is expected that the legal formal-

ties will have been completed during the week-end and that many of the suspects will then be sent out of the country.

Amongst those who are likely to be deported are half a dozen women. It was authoritatively stated yesterday that the total number of deportation orders already served on persons suspected of complicity in I.R.A. outrages is nine. They were all signed by Sir Samuel Hoare, the Home Secretary, shortly after the Bill became law.

Eight men whom the police wish to deport have announced that they intend to appeal. They have all been taken to Brixton Prison and will be held there while Sir Samuel considers their cases.

If their appeal is found to be frivolous they will be immediately escorted out of the country. But if it is decided that the grounds of their appeal should be further examined, they will appoint some person to investigate the cases.

The half a dozen women whom the police have rounded up are suspected to have played an important part in recent bomb outrages. But it is unlikely that they will be deported before the middle of this week.

Men and women who are the subjects of deportation orders will be sent out of the country in secret.

STATION SCENES

There were amazing scenes at Euston Station yesterday as the Irish Mail trains left. Special Branch officers moved in and out of the crowds, seeking suspects, and as the train was about to pull out they gathered near the platform entrance and scrutinised passengers who made a last-minute dash for seats.

Many of the passengers were Irishmen. They were heavily laden with baggage and the majority had their wives and children with them.

As the train left men put their heads out of the window.

It may have been their last glance at London for many years to come. There were extraordinary scenes at Holyhead when the trains reached that town. Three mail boats had to be put into commission to take all the passengers to Ireland.

At Belfast, too, extra police were on duty when the boats arrived, for a close watch was being maintained for deportees. In all, nine steamers from English and Scottish ports arrived in Belfast during the day.

In London yesterday hundreds of people who were unaware of the order closing the Houses of Parliament to visitors arrived to be shown over. But police told them that no visitors could be permitted. So many doors were bolted inside the House that even official visitors who came strictly on business had sometimes to get police escort through back ways in order to get to the offices they wanted.

Sir Samuel Hoare, in a letter yesterday to Sir Philip Game, the Metropolitan Police Commissioner, pays a tribute to "the courage, energy and efficiency with which all ranks of the Metropolitan Police have carried out their difficult task of dealing with the dangerous conspiracy of the I.R.A. in the last few months."

He adds: "The work of the police has been made more difficult by the absence of adequate powers of rapid action, but I hope that with the new powers conferred by the Act the police will now be able to do even more than they have achieved in the past."

On Thursday, in the House of Commons, the Rev. R. W. Sorensen is to ask the Home Secretary what evidence he has, whether positive or circumstantial, of the sources from which the finances of the perpetrators of bomb outrages in this country are being derived, in whole or in part.

A Reuter report from New York says that the immigration authorities there have no information that Sean Russell, so-called I.R.A. leader, who was reported to be travelling to Eire in an American ship, has left the country.

Since his detention at Detroit at the time of the Royal visit, he has been officially at liberty on £1,000 bail.

HER SHINING HOUR



There's nothing like a bit of elbow-grease for polishing buttons, as this Auxiliary Territorial girl, at Tidworth Camp, has discovered.

"PERM" KILLS GIRL 24 HOURS LATER

Rome, Saturday. Pietre Rose, a twenty-one-years-old girl living at Stredelle, near Pavia, returned to her home after having a permanent wave and complained of severe headache.

She collapsed and died within 24 hours. Her death was attributed to excessive heat from the electric curlers, which set up internal bleeding.—Reuter.

Collect lots of amusing holiday SNAPS

to show your friends
to send in letters
to treasure for years



Here's a genuine KODAK camera for only 5/6



A holiday without a camera is only half a holiday; but a holiday with the reliable Popular 'Brownie' is one you'll remember all your life. Just press a single trigger and the tested Kodak lens will give you splendid snaps—full standard-size too. Bright amusing snaps of holiday fun, new friends. Go to your Kodak Dealer now. See the Popular 'Brownie' and other Kodak models at prices to suit all pockets.

YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU GOT A 'KODAK'

KODAK LTD., KODAK HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2

Sunken Oil Ship Sets Channel Alight

Plymouth, Saturday.

A MILE of the English Channel is on fire, or, at any rate, it gives that appearance.

Right in the centre of the famous seaway, about 20 miles south of Greben Head on the Cornish coast, is a phenomenon which has never before been seen in those waters.

It is caused by the French oil tanker *Sunk*, which, although she lies in 42 fathoms (22 ft.) of water after her collision two days ago, is shooting up flames to a height of 70 ft.

HOW IT HAPPENED

Navigators are amazed that the oil cargo should continue to burn when the vessel lies at such a depth.

Apparently, this is how it has come about:

When the *Sunk*, then a blazing wreck, turned turtle and plunged to the bottom early yesterday morning, the oil from her ripped tanks—oil already at flash-point—tore to the surface and instantly burst into flames. An upward suction movement was thus begun, drawing up more and more oil which, in its turn, became ignited by the fire on the surface.

The result is that, for a radius of half a mile around the spot where the tanker disappeared, the Channel is a cauldron of flame which makes the water seethe and bubble.

At the same time, a dense fog blankets the scene, and the Trinity House steamer *Satellite* is on patrol duty, her siren warning shipping away from this zone of hidden death.

B.B.C. WARNING

The wreck of the tanker was the subject of a navigational warning broadcast by the B.B.C. last night, which said that oil from the vessel is still burning fiercely over a large area. The warning added that vessels were not giving the neighbourhood a wide enough berth. All shipping was advised to keep well clear.

HITLER'S BIRTHDAY WIRE TO MUSSOLINI

Berlin, Saturday. Hitler sent this telegram today to Mussolini on the occasion of his 56th birthday:—

"I recall with thankfulness the German-Italian pact of friendship concluded in May which welded our two peoples into an indivisible community which will demonstrate its strength in the maintenance of the vital rights of our nations and in the preservation of the peace of Europe.—Exchange.

Sea Hero's Smash

Admiral In Crossroads Collision

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Rugby, Saturday.
ADMIRAL SIR SYDNEY FREMANTLE, WHO WAS DEPUTY-CHIEF OF THE NAVAL STAFF AT THE END OF THE WAR, SUFFERED SEVERE HEAD INJURIES AND SHOCK IN A ROAD SMASH NEAR RUGBY TODAY. HE IS DETAINED IN ST. CROSS HOSPITAL.

Lady Fremantle, who was in the car with her husband, complained of slight injuries to her back.

The accident occurred at Gibbet Cross Roads, Churchover, near Rugby, at the junction of Watling-st. and the main London road.

Sir Sydney's car, which he was driving, was in collision with another car driven by Mr. Fred Woodhouse, aged fifty-six, of Salisbury-st., Heston, York-shire.

In Mr. Woodhouse's car was his wife, Gertrude, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jarvis, of Primrose Villa, Northfield, Yorks.

FIRST AID

Mrs. Woodhouse had head injuries and her left ear was severely lacerated. Mrs. Jarvis's collar-bone was broken. First aid was rendered on the roadside. All six were taken to hospital, and, with the exception of Lady Fremantle, were detained.

Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle is seventy-two. During the war he had command successively of the Ninth and Second Cruiser Squadrons and of the 22nd Squadron. He was Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth from 1923 to 1926, and retired in 1928.

Sir Sydney comes of a famous family of sea fighters. His great-grandfather was one of Nelson's captains at Trafalgar, commanding the Neptune. His father, Admiral Sir Edmund Fremantle, who died when well over ninety, was long described as "the grand old man of the British Navy," and three of Sir Sydney's great-uncles were also admirals.

Lady Fremantle, whom he married in 1931, is Sir Sydney's second wife. She was the widow of Colonel J. S. Fitzgerald.

The Singing Cowboy

Gene Autry, the cowboy film star—and his horse, Champion—who begins a visit to this country on Tuesday, when he will make a tour of the principal towns of the British Isles.



"BUSKER" WITH A £3,000 VIOLIN

FRANCOIS DAVID, well known to Saint Nazaire (France) inhabitants for his street serenades, walked into the police station and complained that someone had stolen his violin.

"What kind of violin?" said the police officer, asking the routine question.

"A Stradivarius," answered David, "and it is worth £3,000."

The street player explained that the instrument had been handed down in his family from father to son and that he would rather die of hunger than part with it.—Reuter.

£3,000,000 Tin-Can Merger Romance

BOY'S DREAM COMES TRUE!

HOW ROBERT BARLOW BEAT THE AMERICANS

BEHIND LAST WEEK'S ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE £3,000,000 MERGER OF BRITAIN'S BIGGEST TIN-CAN MANUFACTURERS LIES A DRAMA AS ROMANTIC AS THE PLOT OF ANY NOVEL.

It is the drama of cut-throat big business, and of a little boy who has grown up to see his dearest dreams come true. Today that little boy is Robert Barlow, "the tin-can king," whose cans are to be found in every home in the land, from that of King George to his most humble subject.

For Mr. Barlow's twenty-one factories spread over Britain supply not only this country, but the whole world, with the tin containers that have become a necessity to everyday life.

At fifteen Robert started work in his father's tiny tin-box factory in Hackney, E.

That was thirty-two years ago, when skilled craftsmen boasted their ability to turn out 200 cans a day. But six years before the keen-eyed youth was to begin his career, needle-sharp American businessmen were planning to capture the can market of the world, by building huge machines capable of turning out in a minute as many tin containers as the Barlow workmen could make in a day.

Backed by millions of dollars and aided by the best scientific brains, they soon made America tin-can conscious and then looked around for new worlds to conquer.

Their ambitious eyes turned to Britain. But by this time young Barlow had become an executive in his father's business, and, as such, he was sent to America to consider a proposal made by the giant U.S. concern.

THEY SAID "NO"

The proposal was this: We will install our modern machinery in Britain, pour millions of dollars into the country if you will help us on the distributing side.

The offer was tempting. It meant easy money and little risk to the young man. He was sorely tempted to accept. On the other hand, Barlow did not like the thought of what he knew to be a growing infant industry in Britain being run by, and for the profit of, already over-rich Americans.

The night before he was due to give his answer he explained the position to his younger brother.

"I will abide by your advice," he said. "Write on a piece of paper whether we should accept this offer or not. But remember that if we refuse the Americans may start up in England on their own and wipe us off the earth."

Barlow's hand trembled as he ripped open the paper which contained such a momentous decision. Then he sighed with relief. For on an otherwise blank sheet of paper was a big firm "No."

HE WAS RIGHT

But the elder brother's prophecy was right. Within a few months the American company had shipped huge can manufacturing machines to England, machines which could make 300 cans a minute compared with the Barlow craftsmen's 200 a day.

But Barlow, aided by other English business men, fought back. Sinking every penny of his capital, he imported high-efficiency American machines, scrapping in a few months methods which for centuries had served their purpose.

For years the battle raged and Barlow and his associates worked night and day for victory.

It came. A few years ago, despite their high pressure sales methods and almost limitless capital, the American firm was forced to withdraw and close its English factories.

Today Mr. Barlow employs ten thousand workers, manufactures his own machinery and spends thousands a year on research.

He has also spent a fortune on preparing for a national emergency.

L.C.C. TO STORE

"AIR RAID" FOOD

The L.C.C. is organising a scheme for feeding and providing temporary shelter for people made homeless in an air raid.

Emergency feeding centres are to be established throughout the county, and three weeks' stocks of food for them will be purchased and stored at the Council's public assistance institutions.

The approximate cost of the food is £5,000, and equipment for the centres will cost a further £1,500.

TURNED OUT NICE AGAIN!



Turned out, in fact, just as they like to be—George and Beryl Formby snatching a caravan respite from the new Blackpool show, "Turned Out Nice Again."

195 MORE CHEQUES FOR OUR READERS

No fewer than 195 cheques, amounting to £706, were distributed to registered readers or their dependants last week under "The People's" great free family insurance scheme.

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WHAT SAY YOU?

Twelve Ten-Second Teasers

- 1.—It's a town situated on the river Trent; it's noted for the fine quality of its water; it's the surname of a great English golfer. What is it?
- 2.—It's the name of a female character in one of Dickens' novels; it's a kind of print dress; it's a wide-brimmed woman's hat with one side bent down. Name it.
- 3.—It's a special type of print; it's the surname of a man whose name will be for ever associated with printing. What is it?
- 4.—It figures prominently in church and churchyard; it's a term used to denote citizenship; it's the surname of a great American statesman of the past; it's the surname of a great British statesman of to-day. What is it?
- 5.—It's a type of dresser; it's a kind of garden; it's a variety of range. What is it?
- 6.—It's an impromptu concert; it's a monotonous form of cadence or rhythm. What is it?
- 7.—It's a kind of net; it's shaped like a flattened bag; it's drawn along the sea bottom. Name it.
- 8.—It's a jealously guarded right; it's a privilege; it's a term used to denote citizenship; it's the right of voting for a Member of Parliament. What is it?
- 9.—It's a species of agent; it's a form of trade; it's a type of city. What is it?
- 10.—It's the name of one of the patriarchs; it's a man of invincible chastity. What is it?
- 11.—It's a complete suit of armour; it's a complete defence; it's a word of seven letters, the first of which is P. What is it?

(ANSWERS IN PAGE NINE.)

Scots Wha Hae



This is not a member of an A.R.P. nursing service rehearsing on a Territorial, but Madeleine Carroll as Martha McKenna, doing her stint on Nigel Bruce, in the re-issue of "I Was a Spy." This is the film made in 1933 and based on the true story of Martha McKenna, formerly known as Martha McKenna, who gave great assistance to the Secret Service during the War.

You May Not Agree That

These Kinemas Deserve Kicks

I AM AFFLICTED BY KINEMA BOREDOM, OR, IN SIMPLER LANGUAGE, FED UP WITH THE REPEATED SIMILARITY ONE PAYS FOR AT THE FLICKS.

As the workhand at the mass-production factory said, in anticipating the chain of articles moving for his attention up the escalator, "They are the same darned things, one after another."

This is how. You pay the girl behind the glass, follow the torch, and park your chassis in a tip-up.

Meanwhile, you dread a stale ensemble—overfamiliar faces and voices on the main number, through the news and trailer, and into the third-rate padding the manager calls his supporting programme.

And is this expectation often disappointed? No, sir. Day in and week out, the same technique and actors cross the screen.

By "The Philosopher"

Parents' Ban Defied STOOD OUTSIDE AS SON WED

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Hastings, Saturday.
WHILE A YOUNG COUPLE WERE BEING MARRIED IN ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, HASTINGS, TODAY, THE BRIDEGROOM'S PARENTS STOOD ON THE PAVEMENT OUTSIDE.

They had watched the bride and bridegroom arrive. They saw them leave the church. But they did not join them.

The bridegroom was eighteen-years-old Valentine Friend and his bride twenty-five-years-old Lydia Ranger. Consent to the marriage was given by the Stratford magistrates on Thursday, despite objections by the bridegroom's parents.

The best man was a stepbrother of the bridegroom. He appeared from Dagenham with the bridegroom's parents and was asked by the bridegroom to act as best man after his arrival at the church.

He left the church and told Mr. and Mrs. Friend that he proposed to accept the request.

"He is my brother, and I feel I ought to go through with it," he told them.

"You must make up your own mind. Do as you think proper," they replied.

SLEPT IN SHELTER

Another stepbrother cycled from Ilford to attend. He arrived at Hastings before dawn and slept in a shelter on the front.

After the ceremony the couple went to the bride's home in All Saints' crescent, where their health was toasted.

"Nothing could have stopped the wedding," they told me. "We were determined to get married. We are going to be very happy together."

They are to live in Dagenham. Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Friend, their two sons and other relatives drank their own health in an inn near the church.

"So far as I am concerned, my son is dead," said Mr. Friend. "If he had shaken hands with me things would have been different. We were not invited to the wedding and we had already paid for a car to bring us down, so we are going to have a day out in Hastings."

"I had intended to turn my own house over to them as a wedding gift, but now they can live their own lives without my help."

R.A.F. WINGS OVER EMPIRE IN FUTURE

"WINGS over Europe" will, in the future, become "wings over the whole British Empire," according to Capt. Harold Balfour, Under-Secretary for Air, who spoke yesterday at the luncheon given by the Belfast Harbour Board.

He pointed out that they had seen a tremendous demonstration of the strength and efficiency of the Royal Air Force in the long-distance exercises which British bombers had been doing over France. That was showing their wings over Europe.

FLIGHTS OF PEACE

It is believed the time would come when the R.A.F. would be doing long-distance exercises throughout the Empire.

Every citizen knew that those wings were wings of peace, and that their intention was not aggressive but only to preserve peace and avoid war.

Today they saw the battalions of the air; but he hoped the time would come when not "battalions" but liners would fly in the name of peace and liberty.

MISSING RELATIVES

Readers must give names and addresses, particulars of relationship and send to 26, "The People," 10, Middle-st., London, E.C.2. Notices not to exceed forty words.

Plester Miss Mignon Emma Christina (or Preston or Plester) address November 1939, Chatsworth Way, West Norwood, S.W.: thought to be in Brighton or Sussex. Parents' names: Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Plester. 10, Middle-st., London, E.C.2.

Arthur Vane, forty-three, 5, 1/2, 4, in, with upper denture, no bottom teeth, hair thinning at temples; missing from home since January, believed to be in London.—Any information to wife at 22, Stanley-st., Westminster, W.C.2.

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HOLIDAY CHEQUE WINNERS in the FIRST SECTION of the LEBUQUY CONTEST £250 to Mr. CHARLES TAYLOR 15 Llanishen St., Heath, Cardiff

FULL LIST of the 100 £10 Cheque Winners

- Abrahams, Mrs. M., 20, Corbin Ho., Bromley High St., London, E.3.
Ade, Mrs. F., 16, Limbrick Ave., Coventry.
Allum, Mrs. F., 10, Gomer Place, Teddington, Middlesex.
Anstee, Mrs. A. V., 23, Maesglas Grove, Newport, Mon.
Anstee, Mrs. C., 23, Trugavon Rd., London, S.W.11.
Avery, Mrs. G., 15, Boleyn Rd., London, E.17.
Bacon, Mrs. D., 174, Summer Road, Huddersfield.
Bailey, Mr. H. M., 170, Slieve Rd., Barrow-on-Soar, Leics.
Barclay, Mrs. 23, Sunningdale Rd., Wallasey, Cheshire.
Bennett, Mr. J., 99, Whitehead Rd., Birmingham, 6.
Blake, Mrs. Hilda, 13, Grange Rd., Bishops Cleeve, Here.
Blew, Mrs. N., 39, Munster Rd., London, S.W.6.
Brett, Mrs. C., 2, Unstead Wood, Feanish, Guilford, Surrey.
Boys, Mrs. J., 64, Whitwell Rd., London, E.13.
Brayshaw, Mrs. E. K., 65, Solihull Rd., Shirley, Bham.
Zigzag, Mrs. J., 10, Lansdowne Rd., London, E.17.
Brown, Mrs. E., 39, Long Walk, Northstead, Scarborough, Yorks.
Bunn, Mr. A. J., 30, Royal Albert Road, Bristol, 6.
Burgin, Mrs. H., 325, The Corns, Ecclefield, Sheffield.
Burrows, Mrs. E., "The Elms," Grovesend, Gillingham, Kent.
Cantrell, Mrs. M., 85, Dunhill Road, Gooly, Yorks.
Caton, Mrs. L., 12, Lister Crescent, Liverpool, 7.
Chamberlain, Mrs. 6, Mill Ter., Higher Brompton, Wirral.
Chapman, Mrs. 2, Caledon Rd., Sherwood, Nottingham.
Chapple, Mr. A., Western Farm, Oakford, Tiverton, Devon.
Cherrington, Mr. A. M., 39, Tarry Road, Birmingham, 8.
Chion, G. H., 29, Barchbourne Ave., London, N.9.
Corlett, Mrs. E. D., 23, Mossy Bank Rd., Egham, Surrey.
Correll, Mr. C., 29, Lyndon Ave., Wallington, Surrey.
Crisie, Mrs. 88, Sydney St. West, Belfast, Northern Ireland.
Crugman, Mrs. D., 102, Barndale Rd., Liverpool, 15.
Dudley, Mrs. W., 33, Lawson Road, Southall, Middlesex.
Duncombe, Mr. H., 12, Barge, Lincoln.
Durrer, Mrs. S. E., 23, Whitfield Avenue, Newcastle, Staffs.
Evans, Mrs. H. M., 18, Bishops St., Shrewsbury.

WINNERS OF THE 2,000 SPECIAL CHILDREN'S GIFTS WILL BE NOTIFIED BY POST

—and there's ANOTHER £1,250

still to be won in the LAST Section. But HURRY—the closing date is AUG. 15th.

Free Entry Forms from Lifebuoy dealers or from Lifebuoy Contest Dept., Port Sunlight, Cheshire.

THIS CONTEST DOES NOT APPLY IN IRELAND

AUG. 15th

THEY TURNED IDLE AS INTO RICHES

THIRTEEN YEARS AGO A MAN STARTED A COMPANY WITH A CAPITAL OF £2. HE IS WILFRID HILL, WHO INVENTED A HAIRDRESSING CREAM AND WHO HAS NOW SOLD THE BUSINESS FOR £600,000. THUS HE TOOK HIS PLACE AMONG THE IMMORTALS OF INDUSTRY, MEN WHO FROM A SIMPLE IDEA HAVE ACHIEVED GREAT FORTUNES. SOME OF WHOSE AMAZING STORIES ARE HERE OUTLINED.



Immortals of Industry on Parade

WILFRID HILL

By JOHN ADDISON

TWO goods trains had collided and passenger traffic was held up on the Schenectady-Troy line in New York. In one of the coaches sat a young man at the enforced delay. Why, he thought, couldn't trains have automatic brakes for all wheels and so avoid most of the accidents that tangled up traffic? At that moment an idea went home to puzzle out a way of putting his idea into practical fulfillment.

Three years later, in April, 1869, a train swung out of Union Station, Pittsburgh, on its daily round trip to Steubenville. As the train neared Fourth-avenue Station people on the platform were horrified to see a horse and cart halt on the line in the track of the train. A collision and possible derailment seemed inevitable. But in the cab of the engine a hand yanked back a lever. There was a hissing sound of compressed air, grinding brakeshoes were forced down on every wheel, and the train stopped four feet from the horse and cart—the first train in the world to be halted by air brakes. And young George Westinghouse

had joined the immortals of industry, those men who, having hit on an idea, have also had the vision and the energy to turn that idea into riches. Those men pass before the mind's eye in imposing parade. Gillette thought of the safety-razor—and made a fortune out of quick morning shaves. And Frank Woolworth that selling genius whose like probably the world will never see again.

Sixty-six years ago Frank, at the age of twenty-one, was earning three dollars a week as a clerk in a Watertown, New York, general store. Four years later he was a married man, still at the store and struggling along on 10 dollars a week. That same year the shop held a clearance sale. It was Frank who painted in large crude letters a sales notice: "Any article, five cents."

Then Mr. Smith had an inspiration. Into each packet of crisps he put a tiny pinch of salt wrapped in blue paper. In the following year sales trebled. By 1920 sales had increased from 1,000 packets a week to 150,000. He proposed to his firm that they should build a chain of factories. The suggestion was turned down. And that was the break Frank Smith wanted. He began on his own, and in six months' time was selling half-a-million packets a week.

a flimsy, wooden wall and set it on fire. Hastily stopping the rolls, Bessemer fled for water. Soon afterwards he sold the patent outright for £4,000. But for 30 years the process languished, and although the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. developed the time-saving roller in the latter part of last century, it was not until 1922 that the process came into its own. In that year the company introduced a flat glass process that was continuous from the time the glass mixture was fused to the time it emerged annealed, cut, ground and polished.

the bowl he attached wires to carry current and switched on the electric power. For several hours he waited anxiously as the temperature of the bowl rose to terrific heights. Then he shut off the power and waited for the mass to cool. Alas for his hopes! Instead of the glittering brightness of a diamond he saw a lump of greyish black crystals. Deeply disappointed, he toyed idly with the ruin of his experiment.

Scratched A Diamond

He was wearing a diamond ring at the time, and casually he drew the black crystals over the surface of the ring. Instantly his scientific mind was alert—the crystals had scratched the diamond and he, Acheson, had produced something harder than a diamond. He named the product carborundum and today the Carborundum Co. of America is capitalised at £2,000,000 with assets twice that amount. The crystals which Acheson made in his small iron bowl are manufactured today in giant furnaces, 50 feet long. Any ideas? New lamps for old? New fortunes for brainwaves. As long as the inventive faculty remains alive in the mind of man so will the ranks of the "immortals of industry" continue to increase. For you can't keep a good idea down!

After acting for ten years as assistant to Thomas Edison, Edward Goodrich Acheson said good-bye to his famous boss and, with £2,000 as capital, launched out on his own. Early experiments and inventions were failures, and soon Acheson's wallet was nearly all gone. As a last resort he went ahead with his idea to make diamonds. He put into an iron bowl a mixture of carbon, clay, silicate and charcoal. To

"Undreamt-of beauty in my hair!" says lovely Fashion model —"thanks to SPECIAL DRENE SHAMPOO for Dry Hair!"



Miss Joan Richards

photographed model for Fashion magazine. "I used to be continually fussing and bothering with my hair before I found Special Drene for Dry Hair. Now—shampooing with Special Drene shampoo, I never have to wash my hair a thought. It stays put from the moment it's washed, in whatever style it's set, sparkling and glossy. Most model girls depend on Drene, as I do, to keep their hair glamorous."

Have you UNRULY HAIR? SPECIAL DRENE MAKES IT EASY TO MANAGE. Today, even women with the driest, most unruly hair can enjoy the thrill of Drene of Drene. For now, there are two kinds of hair and a new, thrilling Special Drene to handle your hair is now, one Special Drene Shampoo will make it the simplest, your hair gleaming, sparkling, glamorous. And that's not all! Special Drene leaves your hair gleaming, sparkling, glamorous. Drene cannot deposit the time and soap film of ordinary washing. No matter how lifeless or dull your hair has become—just one Drene Shampoo washes up all its natural loveliness. . . . Drene makes it more appealing, exciting, vital than you've ever seen it before. That's why thousands of hairdressers use and recommend Drene.

There are now two kinds of Drene. I HAVE DRY HAIR. I USE NEW SPECIAL DRENE FOR DRY HAIR. MY HAIR IS NATURALLY OILY. I USE REGULAR DRENE.

Birth Of A Combine

Cheap odds and ends were snapped up like magic. At the end of the day the store was sold out—and Frank Woolworth had an idea which gave birth to the huge commercial combine which today is worth more than £200,000,000. The first Woolworth 5-cent store was a small affair launched with 300 dollars of borrowed money. Today there are nearly 2,000 stores in U.S.A. Thirty years ago the first store in Britain was opened at Liverpool; today there are more than 700 branches providing work for 40,000 people.

Ideas....ideas....ideas. Who's got an idea? More important still, who's got the courage to put those ideas into work? Billy Butlin, king of showmen, had. Eighteen years ago he left Canada, where he had been working in a lumber camp, and travelled steamer to Liverpool. He landed with £5 in his pocket; and in his heart the will to make good. The money was invested in a hoop-la stall, and Billy invited the public to win sweets by throwing rings over blocks. He made the blocks himself, and at the end of the day the whole of his stock of sweets had been won.

He had made the blocks too small! But he had taken £5 in return for the loss of £2 worth of sweets. And the man at the next stall had lost only 1s. worth of sweets while taking 25s. That day Mr. Butlin learned how to make money. Small profits, quick returns. And 12 years later he was running 15 amusement parks and two zoos.

Dispenses Happiness

Not until 1935 did Mr. Butlin get the big idea. In that year he acquired a half share in a holiday camp in Dorsetshire. Why not, he thought, plan holiday camps on a big scale? And so the luxury camp at Skegness was born—Skegness, the resort where Mr. Butlin made his first English home in a caravan, and where today he lives in a modest villa.

Then came another great camp at Clacton, where Mr. Butlin dispenses, with a liberal hand, happiness, and makes a fortune out of it. Riches, born of his idea, pour into his bank account, so that now, at the age of thirty-eight, he is a near-millionaire with his companies handling an annual turnover of £1,000,000. Every year Billy Butlin gets richer by £20,000 to £30,000. He works seven days a week and sometimes his working day is 16 hours. He travels 1,600 miles a week looking after his various interests.

That proves how an idea, and its pursuit, can chain a man to the grindstone. But when the man is in love with the idea so his work becomes a labour of love. Billy Butlin made holiday happiness

for hundreds of thousands of comparatively poor people. Sir Enoch Hill, man with another big idea, provided homes for millions. Sir Enoch did not originate building societies, but he had the vision and the energy to bring home to Britain the virtue of house ownership. Enoch Hill knew poverty. When he was eight he earned a shilling a week in a mill, turning a wheel with his own fragile body. He sold newspapers, cleaned shoes, ran errands, shovelled in coal—anything to earn coppers so desperately needed.

Years later, after learning to read and to write, Enoch Hill joined the Halifax Building Society. In those days the society's assets were £1,500,000, its membership 14,000. To-day, thanks to the genius and drive of Sir Enoch, the society has a membership of half a million and assets of £100,000,000. Now, in his retirement, Sir Enoch can look back through the years and can realise that his idea was good. Millions of house-owners can pay tribute to him, and to the idea which made them free of the rent payment. Early struggles seem to breed big, money-making ideas. It may be that the constant dread of poverty, and boyhood fears of hunger and want, spur the mind to unusual activity. For, like Sir Enoch Hill, Mr. Frank (Potato Crisps) Smith began life in a hard school. He was only ten when he began to accompany his father to Covent Garden market at 3 in the morning, to buy supplies for the family's grocery. There, wet and fine, under the gleaming lights, and amidst the turmoil of barrows, carts and lorries, he learned the first lesson in business—that of buying in the best market.

Quick-Selling Possibilities

Young Smith became a grocer. He was a good grocer, and at the age of twenty-one he was manager of a large store. Then for nine years he worked as representative of a wholesale grocery house. A year before the war the firm for which he was working introduced potato crisps as a new selling line. Frank Smith saw possibilities here, asked, and was granted, control of the new department. Through the years he, and other travellers under him, worked hard to make Britain crisp-conscious. The going was hard. Grocers laughed at the idea of selling crisps; publicans ridiculed the suggestion that they could sell them to beer-drinkers.

Primitive Experiments

But take Sir Henry Bessemer, whose time today is synonymous with steel. Sir Henry had another iron in the fire of inventive genius—glass-making. Pittsburgh—steelopolis of U.S.A.—has another great industry—glass making. And men earning good dollars in that city today can thank experiments carried out many years ago in a small shed in Hertfordshire. For Bessemer had an idea—that manufacturing methods of flat glass were slow and inefficient. He resolved to invent a faster and better process. And so it happened on a day in 1850 that members of Bessemer's household saw a small shed at the back of his home burst into flames.

The inventor dashed out of the burning shack and ran back with buckets of water to fight the flames. This was the first news that Bessemer was doing "something with glass." He had concluded that glass could be rolled like iron, and had built a machine which consisted of a tank for liquid glass, two rolls, and a trough to guide the glass as it left the mill. He started the machine in the shed. Out of the rolls came the thinnest band of raw flat glass that Bessemer had ever seen. He had visioned a sheet of glass only a few feet long. Instead came this glittering, seemingly endless band. The glass rolled and writhed like a snake across the floor, came up against

LIFE'S LITTLE PROBLEMS

REMEMBER THIS WHEN YOU'RE IN TROUBLE. By the People's Friend. MOURNFUL little parties of holidaymakers were huddled in shelters all along the front. The beach was almost deserted. The sea was a cold and lifeless green under the lead-grey sky. It might have been a mid-winter afternoon instead of England in July. And then, without warning, took on a golden gleam, the waters began to gladden and dance, and suddenly everything was bathed in warm sunshine. It was rather like a pantomime transformation scene. The whole beach sprang to laughing life as the holiday crowds flocked down to the water, and boatmen and ice-cream merchants began making up for lost time!

JUST a touch of sunshine—but what a difference it made! Only a few minutes before everyone had resigned to yet another dull day; but the sun was there all the time, hiding behind the threatening rain-clouds, ready to take them by surprise. You'll often find the same thing happening in life. When dark clouds of trouble and despair are massed most heavily upon your particular horizon—that's the time to look for the sunshine. The chances are you will find it waiting to break through and bring you fresh hope and courage.

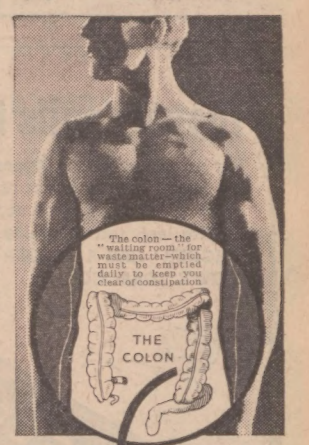
LET that happy thought put new heart into you whenever you are in trouble. Some of you reading these words of mine may be facing a desolate and cheerless future at this moment. To you especially I say—don't be dismayed. Remember the sun may be just around the corner—just as it was the other afternoon at the seaside. If you had seen those clouds you would have thought the sky could never change to blue. Well, it may very likely be the same with your own misfortunes. They may appear too black and threatening to be so easily banished, but just behind the worst of them a golden opportunity or a grand piece of good luck may be awaiting you. That is the way of life; and if you face it with faith strong in your heart and a staunch belief in God's Unfailing Love you need never succumb to despair.

16 DOCTORS MAKE A NEW DISCOVERY ABOUT CONSTIPATION

How Your Colon Gets "Furred up" like the inside of a Kettle

WHY MEN AND WOMEN LOSE ENERGY, YOUTHFUL VIGOUR AND FRESHNESS, SUFFER FROM NERVES, DEPRESSION, ACHES, PAINS

A group of sixteen doctors working for nine months in a famous London clinic have made an important new discovery about the real cause of constipation. These doctors carried out over 1,400 experiments on men and women volunteer patients. They discovered that in almost every case the cause of constipation is in the colon. The colon is a large tube below the small intestine—a kind of "waiting room" where the body's waste matter collects after passing through 30 feet of bowel. This waste matter should always be moist and slippery so that it can slide out of the colon and be expelled completely at least once a day.



"Furred Colon" But as you get older the colon begins to lose "tone" and fails to retain sufficient fluid to keep its contents moist and soft. Parts of the collecting waste matter become dry and form crusts on the colon walls so that the colon becomes "furred up" like a water-pipe or kettle. This stagnant waste matter decays and spreads poisons to every part of the system, like the poisons from a decayed tooth. You get small, disappointing motions. You get aches and twinges in cold limbs. You puff on stairs. You sleep badly. You lose your appetite—get indigestion. You feel constantly tired, "flat," fit for nothing.

Dangerous Remedies When this happens, a great many people fly to purgatives. But nowadays doctors condemn the "purgative" habit, because most purgatives and chemical laxatives irritate the tender lining of the stomach and bowels and often lead to chronic constipation worse than before.

But the group of doctors at this famous London clinic, after making as many as 1,428 experiments on 149 men and women volunteer patients, have found the scientific remedy. They have proved that 1.2 grammes of Kruschen Salt (just enough to cover a sixpence) taken first thing every morning in tea or a glass of water retains just the right amount of moistening fluid in the colon to prevent the formation of poison-breeding crusts (furred colon).

"We consider this is one of the most important investigations we have made," the doctors reported, "and that this small daily dose of Kruschen is the most satisfactory aid to colonic cleanliness known to science and to keep the colon sweet, clean and free from poisonous wastes."

You Can Benefit, Too Start now taking your "little daily dose" of Kruschen in early morning tea or in a glass of water. You will begin to feel the benefit inside a week. Within a month you will hardly know yourself. You will have amazing new energy and vitality. You will awake refreshed in the morning, have real zest for work, and still feel ready for an evening's enjoyment. Your chemist has Kruschen. The 1/8 bottle lasts three months. Good health for a farthing a day! Smaller sizes 1/- and 6d.



"A DIFFERENT WOMAN, THANKS TO THE 'LITTLE DAILY DOSE'" "At one time I was always so exhausted that I had to make an effort before I could smile at the dear antics of the children," writes Mrs. L. A. of Ontario, Canada. "Everything I did was an effort. Then I began to take the 'little daily dose' of Kruschen, and now I am approaching middle life gloriously well, absolutely free of the illnesses of mind and body from so many poor women suffer. It is Kruschen that gives me this feeling of delight in life, in work and in play."

Now—A FOOD gives CONSTIPATION victims permanent relief



Not a drug, not a medicine,
this crisp new breakfast
cereal is welcomed by
thousands who have tried
countless remedies in vain

THE real cause of common constipation is simple. It's because hardly anybody eats enough of what doctors call "bulk."

Our daily staples—meat, fish, eggs, white bread, milk, potatoes—are all lacking in "bulk." "Bulk" is supplied by fruit and vegetables, but you'd have to eat them in enormous quantities to get enough.

Lacking this "bulk," the food you eat gets almost entirely digested in the system. The waste matter left in the intestines is not bulky enough for the bowel muscles to "take hold of." They cease to work and you become constipated.

Harsh purgatives only give temporary relief. They produce a result by irritating the bowels—they do not get at the cause of the trouble. What's more, constant irritation of the bowels may lead to serious harm.

Doctors today recommend Kellogg's All-Bran as the one safe way to relieve constipation. They know that this crisp, delicious breakfast food contains just the "bulk" that is necessary to make your bowels move naturally, regularly and normally.

As it passes through the intestines, All-Bran absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass easily but effectively cleanses your system of the clogging impurities that make you feel wretched. All-Bran also supplies Vitamin B, which tones the intestinal tract, and iron which enriches the blood.

If you suffer from common constipation, follow the example of thousands of others who have at last achieved "regularity" by eating All-Bran every morning with milk and sugar, or sprinkled over their favourite cereal.

"I STRUGGLED on for some four or five years—trying everything and spending a lot. Now, trying this new way, it's like a new coat, and then, when the boat sailed, found her in tears. She had leaped over the rail to wave to her mother, not seen the wet paint, and got a deep band of red across her chest."

"When we got to London I was afraid to go to the first night. I sat in the Savoy, thinking the end had come, when a man dashed in. 'Come on, you're wanted,' he said. 'It's a wow.' I rushed over to the Shaftesbury, to find that Edna May was the Queen of London. In a few weeks I was keeping dukes away from her dressing-room."

—Mrs. D. Sweet, Cardiff.

FIRST MAN:
"But I've tried everything. You don't expect me to believe that a food will relieve constipation?"

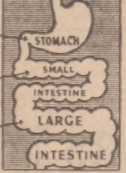
SECOND MAN:
"But it can. It's perfectly simple when you understand what causes constipation."

LACK OF "BULK" IN FOOD THE REAL CAUSE OF CONSTIPATION

1. Food enters the stomach where it is prepared for further digestion.

2. Digestive agents continue to act on the food all through the small bowel as the nutritive elements are absorbed into the bloodstream through the bowel wall.

3. The food that is not absorbed—the residue—passes into the large intestine to be expelled by muscular action. If this residue is too small—not "bulky" enough—the muscles have nothing to "take hold of" and constipation results. All-Bran gives the bulk necessary for these muscles to act, thus bringing about a thorough and natural movement.

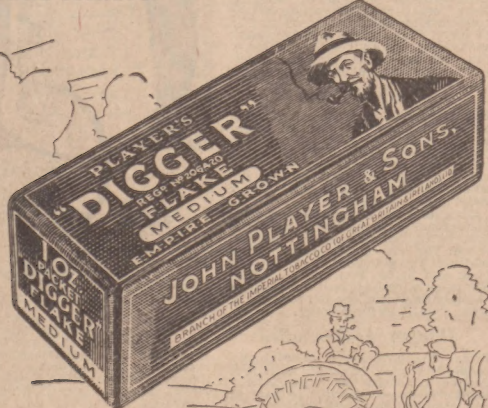


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Eat it every
day and "never
miss a day"

ONLY
7½¹₂^D

Digger 'pulls its weight'

For a long smoke, 'Digger' takes a lot of beating. But lasting quality is not its only virtue. It's a really good full-bodied tobacco, made from the pick of Empire leaf, and its quality is proved by the fact that 'DIGGER' HAS A LARGER SALE THAN ANY OTHER EMPIRE TOBACCO.



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Player's
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Tobacco
are also sold
in packets of
34 to the 1-lb.
AT 4½. PER
PACKET.

FLAKE · SHAG · MIXTURE · PLUG · HONEYDEW

9½¹₂^D
AN OZ

P.D.74

When Peers Stormed a Stage Star's Dressing Room

By

Hannan Swaffer

AS at supper, the other night, I sat with John McCormack, Edna May entered the room, to be greeted by the tenor with Irish enthusiasm and an Irish kiss. John explained to me, afterwards, the reason for his exuberance. Alfred Butt, he said, was the first person who ever encouraged him in London, and the second was Edna May.

He met her at a concert where she was getting £200 and he was being paid three guineas. After he had sung, Edna said, "I have never heard you before, but you have a beautiful voice. You ought to go into opera. You might become a Caruso." And it was through her, not long afterwards, that he met Caruso.

You cannot believe it when you see her, but it was over 40 years ago that Edna May, appearing for the first time in London in "The Belle of New York," won from the public an esteem which she has never lost. I have never heard of her one word of reproach.

"The Belle," you know, was a failure in New York, where the leader of the Purity Brigade was supposed to be Anthony Comstock, a real Chadband.



HANNAN SWAFFER

Funked the First Night

EDNA, a chorus girl, chosen at rehearsal because she looked so sweet and demure, had been in New York the play's great hit. Still, the audiences stayed away. Then, wanting a play for the Shaftesbury Theatre, they brought over the American failure and changed it.

It was George McLellan, the manager, who told me, years afterwards, of the drama of that production.

"As Edna had no clothes in which to come to London," he said, "I bought her a new coat, and then, when the boat sailed, found her in tears. She had leaped over the rail to wave to her mother, not seen the wet paint, and got a deep band of red across her chest."

"When we got to London I was afraid to go to the first night. I sat in the Savoy, thinking the end had come, when a man dashed in. 'Come on, you're wanted,' he said. 'It's a wow.' I rushed over to the Shaftesbury, to find that Edna May was the Queen of London. In a few weeks I was keeping dukes away from her dressing-room."

WHEN, a week ago, I introduced Lloyd George and Sir Louis and Lady Sterling to each other, I said, "L. G., Sir Louis and his wife are the only two members of the National Labour Party."

L. G. laughed until I said, "You needn't say that. You're the only member of your Party."

Then he started laughing again. He loves a joke.

Lloyd George remains, in spite of his seventy-six years, so youthful that you cannot believe it. He walks with a step that is like a young man's, and if he shows you round his farm at Churt, as he has shown me, he is the most active of the party, rushing into a big greenhouse to cut out tomatoes to take away, eager when he shows you on his home cinema the pictures of his orchards.

Very Worried Man

STILL, in spite of it, L. G. is a much worried man. The only survivor of the chief men who made the Peace, he is conscious, as are all the people who went to the Versailles Conference, that part of the responsibility for the present muddle of Europe is his. Yet, out of office, he is unable to put things right. All he can do is utter continual warnings.

He is still master of the House whenever he stands up, and then his eloquence makes people forget the funny little way he has of lifting up each foot in turn and shaking it, "like a rabbit," as one M.P. says.

Except when L. G. and Winston speak it is a dead House. When I was down there, the other night, the lobbies were empty.

The attendance of M.P.s was very small, and members complained of their fatigue and boredom.

Never in English history, when things have been critical, has the Commons so suffered from inertia.

I don't see where the next generation of statesmen is coming from. All parties are lacking in young men who are, at the same time, vigorous, eloquent and full of ambition. Generally, the speeches are dull.

Indeed, last week, when I was in the House, a policeman said to me, "The Home Secretary was talking last night of a plot to blow up the House of Commons. Well, it might even things up a bit. And they couldn't miss me!"

He pointed to his size.

THE last time I visited L. G. at Churt, the land was being sprayed by means of machinery, and water was gushing freely where a few months before it had been dry and arid.

L. G. found the water because a Highland woman, who was living in a cottage near by, turned out to be a water diviner, and although she pointed to water when on the top of a small hill, he insisted on a well being sunk there despite the advice of engineers.

The woman was right.

When, a few days later, I joined Major Gwilym Lloyd George, L. G.'s only son,

and A. P. Herbert at their dinner table, I introduced a New York columnist named Leonard Lyons, and happened to mention the water divining.

"I wish you would send that woman over to New York," he said. "George Kaufman made a fortune out of his plays and then lost a lot of it by buying a farm which has turned out to be waterless."

"You needn't send her over," said Gwilym. "Lord Tavistock, who is now in the States, tried his hand at water divining at Churt when he heard of our success, and found that he could do it. Why don't you cable him?"

Lord Tavistock is the Duke of Bedford's heir.

Water diviners, indeed, are common. S. L. Benson, the author, once told me that he had divining powers. Dr. Hector Munro is the president of the Society of Water Diviners, which includes all sorts of people.

ALTHOUGH it was a private dinner of the National Labour Club, and there was no "Press" present—I was there merely as a guest—I know there is no harm in my saying that, after Malcolm MacDonald had made an admirably judicious speech on the Palestine question, and I had been rather cheekily complimentary in my reply, Malcolm scored off me very effectively.

In excusing himself for having to disappear rather early, he said, "Mr. Hannan Swaffer's party has challenged us to-night over an important resolution, and I must rush back to the House to vote, to make sure that Mr. Hannan Swaffer does not become Colonial Secretary in my place."

I told a story which I invented years ago—how when the two spies returned from the Promised Land, carrying be-

tween them an enormous bunch of grapes, as illustrated in the family Bibles, they said, "We discovered a land flowing with milk and honey."

"Lead on to it," said the Israelites, excitedly.

Yet when they got to Canaan, they said, "There's the milk. Where's the honey?"

"We said 'honey,'" replied the spies. Then the trouble began.

Commons Goes Communist

THERE took place, in the House of Commons on Tuesday, a remarkable incident, typical of the good humour which so often permeates that assembly.

William Gallacher, the only Communist M.P., asked for leave to introduce, under the ten-minute rule, the Avoidance of Corruption Bill, an attempt to prevent M.P.s from voting on any question in which they had a personal or family or financial interest.

Amid repeated outbursts of Ministerial laughter, Willie, who is quite a popular Member, in spite of his politics, told now his Bill would compel Parliamentary candidates to disclose all the sources of their income, the directorships held by them or their families, and the acreage of land in their possession or that of their families, and imposed a penalty of imprisonment if full particulars were not given.

Time after time the Tories laughed good-naturedly, and then, at the end, only two stood up to block the Bill. In such a good mood was the House that the Tories induced even these two to sit down.

Two Minutes With The Great

Sir Abe Bailey

"NOBODY can ever accuse me of having cold feet," jests Rand millionaire Sir Abe Bailey. And the grinning of this characteristic "crack" lies in the fact that Sir Abe, at seventy-four, has cheerfully submitted to having both legs amputated.

Gamest of the game, Abe Bailey had amassed one fortune before he was twenty-one; lost it, then made another. Few men have crowded so much adventure and achievement into a lifetime as this genial, white-haired South African baronet.

His wealth has been estimated at anything from £10,000,000 to £12,000,000, made as pioneer of the gold industry.

When his horse, Dan Bulger, won the Cambridgeshire in 1936, Sir Abe was there to see him pass the post.

"Yes, I won a couple of thousand.... It keeps the wolf from the door!" he joked with a grin.

Everyone at Newmarket that day was delighted that the grand old sportsman had triumphed in the big race.

To-day, richer than most men ever dreamed of becoming, Sir Abe is no happier than he was in the days when he had joined the gold rush to Barberton, and struck it lucky.

"Money means nothing in terms of happiness," he told me once. "All the millions in the world will not bring that contentment which is true happiness, unless you have a love of life."

Now he is winning the greatest gamble of his brave life—by refusing to let the surgeons which few men of his years would care to contemplate.

"The most courageous man I have ever seen—that was how Lord Dawson of Penn described him; and millions of men and women all over the world must echo this tribute.



SIR ABE BAILEY

So, amid the unanimous approval of a House anti-Communist except for one Member, a Communist Bill met with complete endorsement!

Then everybody laughed, including Willie Gallacher. Of course, you will never hear of the Bill again....

★

A DETECTIVE friend of mine told me the other day, that he and his colleagues had broken up the razor gangs in North London. My friend is well known in the force because of the way in which he will go in anywhere and arrest, unarmed, the most dangerous of men.

He and lots of London policemen like him jeer at any idea of gangsters in this country.

They made a start, a few years ago. An English burglar brought over a gun from New York and then found that they wouldn't listen to his warning about carrying a "gat." When the gunmen walked along Bond-st. and saw thousands of pounds' worth of jewels in a window, they said, "Boy, why it's like stealing the baby's bottle."

"No, it isn't," said the English burglar. "If you walked in there and said, 'Stick 'em up,' nobody would believe you. Someone would trip you up and you'd be arrested. Even a girl would shout 'Police!'"

Finally, when the gunmen were committing a burglary in the North of England, a newly recruited policeman saw a light in the building they had entered, went in alone, and even when he heard the phrase "Stick 'em up," charged the men with an iron bar and arrested them.

That was the end of gunmen in this country.

Max Miller Listens

THEN I was told about a famous offender who, in ordinary life, is so humorous as a market salesman that Max Miller loves to listen to him, to get ideas for his stage turn.

Ordinarily, he is one long outburst of Cockney humour, but whenever he sees a horse, he can't help stealing it. So he spends his life in and out of prison.

The last time he was sent to the Old Bailey, however, he found that a new policeman on the door wouldn't let him in to be tried because he had left his committal order at home!

"Why, people like you live on people like me," complained the horse thief. "I keep that woman with the bandaged eyes on top of the building! And I keep you. Now I can't even get into the blooming place to be sentenced!"

Fortunately he was then recognised by a detective and allowed inside the court. Otherwise, Justice would have failed.

Recent exploits of his are being from the Army, with a cheque for £200 that was returned the next day, 20 horses, and then selling three of the Army in another county and moving away some distance before the War Office found out they were the same horses.

Then, even when going by a home of rest for aged horses, the man was so overjoyed by the sight of three old crows that he stole them and sold them in Devonshire as "mares in foal."

Apart from horses, he is the nicest of men, and so popular with the police that they hate to "take him inside."

World's Fair Failure

WHEN, three years ago, I crossed from New York on the Berengaria with Grover Whalen, he was coming over to induce the governments of Europe to take part in the World's Fair, which was to save the trade of New York. He succeeded—except that Germany stayed away.

For years official hand-shaker to the city, to which he would welcome visiting celebrities, he was the head of a big department store when this idea burst on him.

New York itself is doing its best to conceal the failure of the World's Fair, for it is heavily involved. Millions have been invested.

Not even Grover Whalen's great organising capacity, not even his way of wheedling people, has drawn the crowds in. They have been only one-third as large as was expected.

Chicago's citizens, whose World's Fair was going to be made to look like a mere side-show, are now laughing at New York's failure.

The Giant's Causeway failed to draw and was closed down a month ago. The Rodeo is doing little business.

A girls' show called "The Amazons" has been replaced by "Exotic," but that is only a poor idea of "Salome and the Dance of the Seven Veils."

Coney Island still remains the great draw for New York's crowds.

The World's Fair will lose a lot of money. As for Grover Whalen, he has even cut down his own salary.

There has been trouble with the "girl" shows, of course. They have been cleaned up.

And Morris Gest has got 100 migrants, 40 of whom, being British, are still disappointed they were not allowed to meet the King and Queen.

There was some trouble because a man who said he had been station-master at Glamis, and who no doubt was telling the truth, gave the news to the papers that he was to be presented to the King and Queen. Suddenly there arrived, from all over the United States, thousands of people who said they had known the Queen when she was a girl. They all demanded that they had an equal right. Most of them had never seen Scotland.

★

WHEN "Dear Octopus" was written drawn last night to give the cast a fortnight's holiday, before they start again, the actress who will need the rest most is probably Marie Tempest.

It is incredible to think that it is so far back as 1896 that Dame Marie created her greatest musical comedy success in "The Gaiety" and that even then she had been on the stage for 15 years.

Now, even at the age of seventy-five, she is our supreme comedy actress.

★

ALWAYS sticking to her job, she did not even stop away from the theatre when her husband, Willie Graham Brown, died. Consistently and persistently she gets on with it.

Dodie Smith, the authoress of "Dear Octopus," is the most monotonous successful of all our dramatists today.

She was a saleswoman in the top department of a Tottenham Court Road shop, and Francis Lederer, who started on a road to success, Lederer was taught the part, line by line.

Flossie Freedman, who sat him down, Barnes Common and said to him, "love you." A passer-by might have thought it was a spring-time romance until they heard "I love you" come back from Francis, and then Flossie corrects him.

I have seen Flossie Freedman in the Coliseum, during a rehearsal of "Casanova," give lessons in English to three or four leading men and women making them say "I love you" in the stalls—while rehearsals were going on.

Flossie Freedman taught English to Oskar Dancer. They all said "I love you" first. Some went on saying like that.

Dodie Smith's present-day method to take a family, and, with brilliant characterisation, describe a day or week-end in their lives. But for her keen observation, it might be very dull.

In the case of "Dear Octopus," the play was made by the glamour of Marie Tempest and John Gielgud, who originally in the cast. Chiefly because audiences consist of young girls and middle-aged women. At a matinee week there were only a handful of men in the packed house!

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ONE MIGHTY SWIPE

Led Him To Fame

CONTINUING the story of his climb from scrapping in fairground boxing booths to the flyweight championship of the world, Peter Kane, the Fighting Blacksmith, tells how he brought his first champion to the dust. One blow landed him from local obscurity to international fame. Yet for all that it was

- one of the mightiest swipes he ever delivered;
- so perfectly timed, and so swift was it that
- possibly only half the spectators saw it struck.

LONG after I have hung up my gloves for the last time I shall remember it as the most perfect punch I ever landed.

There was nothing spectacular about it. It had none of the colour of those terrific swinging blows that lift the ringers out of their seats with excitement, or those mighty upper-cuts that start from the floor, but it was a mighty swipe for all that.

It was, in fact, so quiet and neat that I don't suppose half the spectators saw it struck. My right glove did not travel more than four inches, but the timing and accuracy were so faultless that the effect was as devastating as if I had used a sledge-hammer instead of my fist.

The blow dropped Praxille Gyde stone-cold in his tracks. He lay like a dead man. Not a muscle twitched. He was out to the world.

Thus I conquered my first champion, for Gyde held the French fly-weight title and had come to Liverpool from Paris with the reputation of being one of the fastest and hardest hitters on the Continent at his weight.

So I have a double reason for remembering the punch, since it was as a result of that swift knock-out victory that I stepped from my local obscurity into the limelight of international fame.

I climbed into the ring to meet Gyde almost unknown beyond the Liverpool district. Next morning my name was in the sports page headlines. I had earned only £25 for the fight, but it was an important milestone in my career.

Beyond it stretched the road to fortune.

I was only seventeen, just seventeen, in fact, for I had celebrated my birthday a week before the bout. Gyde, the French Continental I had encountered, was a hustling type of scrapper.

He had no liking for long-range, straight-left methods, but was happiest at close quarters with his fists thudding relentlessly against his opponent's ribs.

GLUTTON FOR PUNISHMENT

It was with these slugging tactics that he had won the most of his fights, but I had been warned what to expect when the fiery little Frenchman came rushing in with his dark head held low over his flying gloves. I was ready for him.

Out shot my left, straight and rigid as a steel rod, and Gyde's head jerked back. Each time he came in I banged my left glove into his face, but he was a glutton for punishment.

At the end of the first round I had

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HITLER'S FRIEND TELLS ALL

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Up Among the Champions!

PETER KANE'S OWN STORY

As Told To
A. W. HELLIWELL

taken his measure. His savage punching had made him the terror of Parisian rings, but to me, champion though he might be, he was just another fighter.

And so I came dancing out from my corner eager to finish him as soon as I saw an opening. Early in the third round it came. As I rocked him back on his heels with yet another left, Gyde's gloves dropped, and in a split second it was all over.

PERFECT PEACH OF A PUNCH

I stepped in with my right glove poised, and as I moved I smashed home that perfect knock-out punch. When it landed I experienced the same exquisite sense of timing that comes to the cricketer or the golfer when he catches the ball just right.

It was a perfect peach of a punch. Every muscle from the sole of my left foot to my shoulders was behind it, and from the moment it connected with Gyde's chin he lost all interest in the proceedings.

Ted Denvir was beaming as he hoisted himself into the ring.

"What a punch! What a beauty!" he said, draping a dressing-gown over my shoulders. He nodded his head towards the unconscious French champion's corner where his seconds were busy trying to revive him.

"He'll be in Paris before he comes round," he said.

Later, as I dressed, he said: "Peter, I'm proud of you. You won that fight like a real champion."

Gradually, of course, I was correcting the crudities in my style. I was learning how to punch properly, and I knew now that one accurate and well-chosen blow was worth a dozen wild swings.

My open, two-fisted style I could not alter. I am a natural fighter, and to have attempted to fashion me into an orthodox boxer, moving and hitting according to text book rules, would have been disastrous.

Ted was wise enough to know this. I do not always lead with my left. Often I fight southpaw. I can hit from any angle with either hand, not because I have been taught, but because to do so comes naturally to me.

In Denvir's Liverpool gymnasium I acquired polish without interfering with my natural ability.

Ginger Foran was the star of Ted's "stable," but although he was in the running for world title honours, and I was an insignificant little newcomer, he went out of his way to help me.

I suppose every kid who takes an interest in boxing has an idol. Thousands of youngsters worshipped Jimmy Wilde in his day. Tommy Farr and Len Harvey are heroes to this generation.

Ginger Foran was my idol. As a schoolboy, never dreading that I should one day meet him, I had followed his career with eager interest. So you can imagine how my heart raced one day at the gym when Ted beckoned to a stocky, cheerfully smiling figure in boxing kit and said: "Pat this youngster through his paces, Ginger, and see what you think of him."

LOOK OF BLANK ASTONISHMENT

Two minutes later I was in the ring facing my idol! I was so anxious to make a good impression that I tore into him like a wild cat with both arms working like piston rods as I hammered away at his ribs and head.

Ginger backed away with a look of blank astonishment on his broad, good-humoured, never-dreary face. He ducked and weaved out of danger and kept me away with light taps from his skilful left, he grinned.

"Eh, what is this?" he laughed. "When was war declared? and intent to look at me?"

"You'll do, kid," he said; and when the ring punching away with both hands as fast as I could. For two rounds I continued this demonstration of perpetual motion, and at the end Ginger ruffled my hair with one gloved hand.

"You'll do, kid," he said; and when I heard this my smile matched his own.

From that day Ginger and I have been firm friends. I helped in his preparation for many of his important fights, for my express speed methods were used



ENRICO URBINATI

ful in sharpening his own pace and wits.

Among the many things he taught me in those training spars was his own favourite right-hand jolt to the heart. Since then it has won many a fight for me.

So, thank you, Ginger!

After my fight with Gyde I beat Jim Laird in three rounds, Herb Hill in four rounds, and Cyclone Kelly in four rounds. Then I was matched to meet Jim Maharg, the Scottish fly-weight, in Glasgow, on the same night that K.O. Morgan fought Johnny King.

This was my first contest out of England. Previously I never had travelled beyond Manchester—and that but once—for any of my fights, and it was a new experience for me to face a strange crowd who, naturally enough, were all for Maharg.

It was a terrible night. The rain was pelting down in solid sheets when the time came for me to go into the ring, and Tim McMahon carried me across the sodden stadium to keep my boxing boots dry.

LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING

This seemed to amuse the crowd, and they roared with laughter as a wit back in the cheaper seats shouted, "Don't go away. You'll have to carry him out in a minute!"

But he was wrong. Maharg was the one they had to carry out! I battered him with a standard inside three rounds, and he took such a terrific hammering that he had no recollection of the way the fight ended.

Maharg is a grand sportsman, and took his defeat gamely. After the fight he came round to my dressing-room, to shake hands and congratulate me before he left.

"I still don't know what hit me, Peter," he grinned. "How did you do it? You looked dead easy to me when I saw you first. I thought I had nothing to beat."

Now with every fresh victory my prestige was rising, and already I was being spoken of as the next fly-weight champion of the world.

A week or two after the Maharg fight Ted Denvir came over to my home in Golborne.

"Well, Peter," he said, "I've picked a tough one for you this time. You're fighting Enrico Urbinati, the Italian champion. He's a good boy, but I think you can beat him."

I had heard a lot about Urbinati. They said he was the nearest thing to a streak of lightning the ring had seen since Jackie Brown in his hey-day, a terrifically fast puncher and a clever boxer.

He had rocketed into the front rank of Continental fly-weights by defeating stars like Gyde, Mura, Cavignoli and Angelmann.

Dad shook his head dubiously when he heard that I had been matched with the Italian champion. He went on shaking it right up to the night of the fight, and for the first time since I had begun boxing professionally, he stayed away from the ringside.

He was certain that I had been over-

matched, and that I could never hold my own against a fighter of Urbinati's class.

So, rather than watch me take a licking, he stayed outside the stadium, walking up and down in a terrible state of nerves, until he heard the result.

I trained strenuously for my fight with the Italian "boy wonder." I knew that he represented the toughest nut I had been called upon to crack since the day I first slipped my hands into a pair of boxing-gloves, and I was desperately anxious not to fail Ted Denvir after the shrewd and careful way he had nursed me along to this, my first big chance.

My victory over Gyde had shot me into the limelight. Now it was up to me to prove that I deserved my place there.

There was another reason why I had to train more carefully than before. For the first time I was fighting over twelve rounds, and I knew that my mind and legs would have to be strong to enable me to keep pace with the Italian whirlwind.

I felt pretty proud when we arrived at the Stadium and I saw my name in big letters at the top of the bill, for the fight was the main event on the programme and my purse money had increased in proportion.

I was being paid £125, nearly five times as much as I had ever earned before!

FORCED TO GIVE GROUND

I got my first good look at Urbinati when the referee called us together in the centre of the ring to give us our final instructions. We stood with our backs to the ropes, and he eyed our shoulders eyeing each other levelly.

He was dark and rugged with deep-set, piercing eyes, but he ducked his head in a polite little bow and smiled pleasantly as we shook hands.

I went back to my corner and stood rubbing the soles of my boots in the resin waiting for the bell. Just below me Ted Denvir was smiling up encouragingly, but I missed my father's face.

Always he had been at the ringside for each of my fights, and now, because he could not bear to see me beaten, he was pacing the pavement outside, listening, no doubt, to each burst of cheering and wondering what it signified.

The friendly smile with which Urbinati had greeted me was gone when I turned to face him again. His lips were set in a thin grim line and his eyes were hard and menacing behind his weaving, pawing fists.

Then, like a hurricane, he was upon me, and the ring seemed full of wildly flying gloves. They thudded and hammered against my ribs until I was forced to cover up and give ground.

BAFFLED AND BEWILDERED

Relentlessly he chased me while his fists whirled furiously throwing punches at machine-gun speed. I could do little against the concentrated fury of his attack in that opening minute.

Bewildered and I knew that this would be no easy victory.

Gyde had tried to rattle me with the same hustling methods, but he had lacked the lightning pace and polish of this cyclonic Italian.

Leaping in and out on shifting, dancing feet, crouched cunningly behind his flailing fists with not much more than the top of his black head exposed, Urbinati offered no target for my left hand.

I was thinking hard as I walked back to my corner after that whirlwind opening round. I knew that if I attempted to outpace him I should be playing into his hands.

I should have to find another way to beat him.

"Fast, eh, Peter?" whispered Ted as

he leaned over me, gently massaging my arms and shoulders.

I nodded and grinned.

"I think he should enter for the Derby," I said.

Then I relaxed and saved my breath. I knew I should need it if I was to hold my own against this Continental hurricane.

Urbinati fought the next round at the same incredible speed. He came out of his corner throwing punches and he was still punching when the bell rang.

Fortunately for me, although I managed to catch a good many on my arms and elbows, his blows lacked real steam and I was not much hurt.

I contented myself with moving around and banging over a good solid punch whenever I saw an opening.

THE PACE THAT KILLS

This was not often, but I did not waste many blows. Most of them hurt, and when towards the end of the round I managed to trap him against the ropes for a few seconds, I slammed a hard right under his heart that made him wince.

In the fourth I landed a left hook that missed his point by a fraction. For a moment I thought I had him as he dropped to his knees, but he was up almost immediately and came tearing into me with a savage salvo of right and left-hand swings.

Now that he had sampled the kick in my punch Urbinati became doubly difficult to nail, and as he battled his way through the next two rounds with no sign of diminishing speed, I began to despair of stopping him.

I did not think there was much danger of him knocking me out, but he was piling up points with his spectacular two-fisted attack.

But in the seventh his pace slackened. He was still fast, but the dazzling, breath-taking speed of those opening rounds was gone.

Then my spirits rose, and in the last few seconds of the round I tempted him into a toe-to-toe slug and watched his swarthy face grow pale and anxious as my fists crashed into his ribs.

CHEERS THAT TOLD THE TALE

I knew then that I had him, and I whispered as much to Ted as I dropped back on to my stool.

"Don't take any chances, Peter," he said anxiously, but I nodded reassuringly. I knew that Urbinati had shot his bolt.

He made a brave attempt to hide his tiredness as he came out for the eighth round, but it was useless. The old fire had died, and as he came in I steadied him with a long left that flicked his head back.

I crossed my right hand to his unprotected jaw, and as his eyes glazed and his knees sagged, I followed it up with a terrific left hook.

He dropped in a heap, and I knew as I stepped away that he would never beat the count.

Then, as I stood with my right hand held high above my head, acknowledging the wildly cheering crowd, and while Ted and my seconds danced delightedly around me, I thought of my dad waiting outside on the pavement, and I wondered if he realised what those cheers meant.

"I heard 'em, Peter," he told me later as he sat with his face wreathed in smiles listening to Ted's description of the fight. "I heard 'em, and I thought I must be dreaming."

"I knew that they wouldn't be yelling so loudly for the Italian, but I couldn't believe that you had licked him."

I looked at him and I laughed. I was too proud and happy to talk.

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THE FORCE blue, navy and camel-hair khaki. They are the colours that are selling best for suits and slip-on coats at the present time.

The colours you notice that the "boys" are wearing all round the country today. There's something about a uniform that catches the feminine eye and makes us want to follow the boys in uniform.

The fashion makers know that, the crafty people, and are giving the new autumn clothes a real service look. Even our jumpers, as you see by the picture, are cut to fit us closely as a bandman's tunic.

Navy reefer coats are going to be quite a rage, with brass buttons and square shoulders all complete. Or, if you can, have a neat tailored suit with high shoulders and belted waist.

OUTLINES

Sounds a bit masculine, doesn't it, at first. But there's nothing masculine, I can assure you, for the coats and skirts are cut to give full emphasis to our curvy outlines.

In fact, some waists are so tightened in that it has been found by some that we shall return to the hour-glass figure by October.

Don't you believe it. The days have gone for tight-lacing and women know that there is nothing attractive in looking like a figure eight on stilts.

By the way, have you seen those smart hopsack boiler-suits that the girls are wearing on the beaches in France. Copying the boys again! They only look well on very slim figures, in my opinion.

Another holiday tip—a fish-net turban. They are easy enough to make with a crochet hook and a ball of mercerised cotton.

You know that slip chain-stitch we used to round crochet doilies; it looks rather like netting. Yellow and green are the smart turban colours at the moment.

"THE PEOPLE" PAPER PATTERN SERVICE

No. 521—MATRON'S PETTICOAT
YOUR frocks are probably all ready for the holidays, but under both silk and cotton dresses you will need a petticoat.

I have selected for you this week a good practical style with built-up shoulders. This will give a nice smooth line under your dresses. Skirt has flat inverted pleat in front only, and the deep V-form waist gives an excellent slenderising silhouette to the plump and outside figures.

Five sizes obtainable, 36, 40, 44, 48 and 52-in. bust, and size 40-in. bust takes 3 1/2 yds. 36-in. material.
Paper patterns of Nos. 521, with diagrams and full instructions for making up, are obtainable from "The People" Paper Pattern Service, 222-3, Strand, London, W.C.2, price 1d. each, post free. Postal orders should be crossed "The People" and Co., Ltd., 222-3, Strand, London, W.C.2. Name and address in BLOCK LETTERS. You will need the sketch for reference.



My Household ABC

By MRS. X

ALABASTER can be cleaned by rubbing carefully with pumice stone and then with a paste of whitening, soap and milk. Remove the paste with a clean rag and polish with dry flannel.

BEACH game for the kiddies. Dig a hole in the sand and form a circle round, sufficient distance away to make it rather difficult to throw a beach ball into the hole. Number the players so that even belonging to one team and odds to the other. Each player scores a point for his team if he gets the ball into the hole.

CORDED silk and thick petersham ribbon should be washed in warm soapy water and then wound round a glass bottle or jar while still wet. This will make it quite smooth and there will be no shine.

Five shillings has been sent to the following readers for hints beginning with D, E, F.

DAMP tea stains on table cloths with a blue bag then boil and the stains will have gone.—Mrs. H. Virgo, 36, Queen-st., London, E.C.4.

EVERY day rub the hoods of perambulators with a cloth dipped in olive oil. This will prevent the hoods from cracking and also impart a bright appearance.—Mrs. C. King, 13, Elm Grove-rd., Farnborough, Hants.

FRYING without fat is a good method of cooking steaks and chops. Put a thin layer of salt into the pan, let this get very hot, then cook the meat for a minute on each side. Afterwards fry slowly for five minutes on each side.—Mrs. J. Lynch, 84, High-gdns., Benwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Prizes of 5s. will be awarded for the best Household Hints beginning with G, H, I. Entries must be written on postcards (not enclosed in envelopes) addressed to Mrs. X, c/o "The People," 72, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. They should reach this office not later than Wednesday, August 2.

JUST tie a handkerchief soaked in vinegar round your neck if flies are troublesome in the garden or at a picnic.

KEEP the crusts of the loaf when making sandwiches and sprinkle them with a little salt and vinegar. They can be used for soups and other dishes.

LOOK after your husband's ties by screwing a tie-holder inside his wardrobe. This will keep them in good condition and he will be able to pick out the right one very quickly.

MAKE a summer pudding with red and black currants. Fill a dish with slices of bread and pour a puree of the fruit over. Leave in a cold place until the juice has soaked through the bread. Stew 1 lb. of mixed currants with sugar to sweeten and strain over the soaked bread. Serve with cream.

NOTE a quick way of flouring fish is to fill a bag with a little flour and shake the fish well inside. Keep this bag for the purpose.

OLD inner cycle-tubes can be tied round the heads of brooms and brushes to prevent them scratching the furniture or skirting round the walls.

PUT your face into cold water every morning and open your eyes when they are immersed. Repeat this three times and your eyes will be bright for the rest of the day.

QUITE a good idea is to keep a box in the kitchen for used matches, matches, boxes and ends of candles, etc. When winter comes you will have a good store for lighting fires quickly.

RED-CURRANT jelly applied to a burn will quickly relieve the pain and should prevent blisters forming.

STAINED and dull glass should be cleaned with powdered charcoal and then rinsed in cold water.

TO keep milk fresh without a refrigerator in the summer, stand the jug in a solution of water-glass almost to the top. Use half the amount of water mentioned in the directions.

UNUSUAL salad for hot days is rice and shrimps. Boil the rice, strain and leave to get cold. Mix the shrimps and chopped hard-boiled eggs. Place on a bed of lettuce and serve with a good dressing.

VERY good way to prevent frock creasing when packed is to make a cardboard envelope for each one. Your dresses will be quite fresh when you unpack them.

WHEN bottling fruit rub a little olive oil round the inside of the screw top. You will then be able to open the bottle quite easily when required.

BILL & BUNTY

BY THEIR MA

"HURRAH!" I can hear Bill shouting. We are off to the sea to-morrow. Bill is packed already. Fishing rod, bucket and shorts. He did suggest having a dig in the garden for worms this afternoon, but I put a stop to that. There will be quite enough to look after without a pall of live worms.

Bunty has got her new bathing costume, and I've made her the cutest little beach wrap to slip on so she doesn't catch cold. All we want is sunshine, and somehow even I believe we are going to get it.

MAKE IT with MARROWS

By "HOUSEWIFE"

VEGETABLE MARROW is getting cheaper every day. It makes a delicious green vegetable in hot weather, and as a savoury dish it is a welcome addition to all-the-year-round favourites.

There are many ways of serving this popular summer food. You can make it into a cream soup or preserve it for the long winter months in the form of jam or wine.

I am sure you all have your pet recipes, so send them to me and the best ones received I will publish. Every recipe printed will be awarded a 5s. prize.

Address your postcard (not enclosed in an envelope) to "Housewife," "Vegetable Marrow," c/o "The People," Acce House, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, to reach me not later than Wednesday, August 2.

Here are last week's prizewinners:—

INDIAN TOMATOES

FILL a pie-dish with alternate layers of thinly sliced skinned tomatoes and sliced bananas, add a little sugar to each layer. Moisten with the juice of a lemon, and add a grating of nutmeg and a few cloves. Cover with good short pastry and bake in a good oven until the pastry is a golden brown. Serve either hot or cold.—Mrs. J. Barker, 25, Devonshire-drive, Langwith, near Mansfield, Notts.

DUTCH TOAST

INGREDIENTS: 1/2 lb. tomatoes, 1 oz. chopped parsley, 1 tablespoonful of breadcrumbs, 2 oz. grated cheese, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, pepper and salt, toast. Skin the tomatoes and fry them lightly in the hot butter. Then stir in the breadcrumbs, cheese and parsley, pepper and salt to taste. Cook quickly for a few minutes. Serve on buttered toast.—Mrs. M. Stirling, 100, Frank-st., Benwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SAUSAGE CAKES

HALVE each tomato and skin each sausage. Then shape the meat into cakes the size of the tomatoes and flour very lightly. Fry on both sides in a little bacon fat and place one on each half tomato, covering with the other half of tomato. Place on a buttered fireproof dish. Bake until soft, but not broken, in a moderate oven. Serve each on a hot plate with a surround of scrambled egg.—Mrs. M. Stirling, 100, Frank-st., Benwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

TRIPE SAVOIR

REQUIRED: 4 tomatoes, large onion, 1/2 lb. cooked tripe, tin of peas, seasoning, toast, bacon, etc. Cut the tripe in small dice and heat. Cut the tomatoes into thick slices and cook with finely chopped onion in buttered dish. Place portions of tripe on buttered toast. Surround with thin rolls of cooked bacon and serve with peas.

try cream for elaborate dish for visitors surround with cooked mushrooms.—Mrs. D. Fraser, Portleaze, near St. Erth Station, Hayle, Cornwall.

CANADIAN MARMALADE

INGREDIENTS: 2 lb. sound green tomatoes, 2 lemons, 2 lb. granulated sugar, 4 oz. preserved ginger and cupful of water. Cut the tomatoes into slices and put into a preserving pan with the grated lemon rind and water. Simmer for thirty minutes. Pass through a sieve. Return the puree to the pan, adding sugar, strained lemon juice and finely chopped ginger. Boil rapidly for twenty minutes, skimming intervals. Pour into warm jars and seal in the usual way.—E. Salmon, 35, Kingsway, Coventry.

BEAUTY ON THE BEACH

By VENUS

"HOW I hate that walk up from the beach to the hotel. I feel such a sight after lazing on the sands. It is remark often made by holiday girls. There is no excuse for being 'a sight.' A comb and a little make-up box tucked into the pocket of a beach wrap can quickly work a transformation.

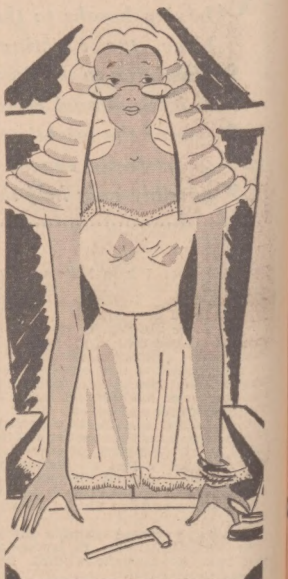
If you find a loose powder difficult to cope with on the sand, then why not try one of these new powder cakes? They are made up in flat round vanity cases and all you need is a little bit of damp sponge or cotton-wool and in ten seconds your complexion can have that cool matt finish which lasts for hours.

These Snowflake powder cakes can be bought for sixpence each in either peach, nacre, or shell or sun tan, and are both water and sun proof. No holiday maker's handbag should be without one.

These Snowflake powder cakes can be bought for sixpence each in either peach, nacre, or shell or sun tan, and are both water and sun proof. No holiday maker's handbag should be without one.

Undies worn twice Without a thought

Put many a nice Girl out of court!



Join the LUX DAILY DIPPER

Undies are safe in Lux dipped every day in the week

ONCE adopt the modern habit of wearing clean undies every day and you'll be a daily dipper for life. It's so lovely to be certain you're dainty!

And you can so easily be fastidious with Lux. Lux keeps undies perfect however often you wash them. It preserves the elasticity of silk threads—so "fitting" things keep their fit. It keeps colours sparkling, too—no bits of undissolved soap with Lux to spoil subtle shades.

Do this once a day, every day. Wash your undies through lukewarm Lux suds—it only takes a minute. But it keeps undies fresh and you dainty. Isn't it worth it?

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PORTABLE BUILDINGS

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Garages, Store and Tool Sheds, Greenhouses, Summer Houses, Aviaries, Pavilions, Work-sheds, Kiosks, Bungalows, etc. Low cash prices. See our new CATALOGUE NOW. Send for B.G. FREE.

STAMP to Colouring Competition. Coopers' Corner, 87, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, to arrive not later than Wednesday, August 2.

F. & H. SUTCLIFFE, LTD., 84, Wood Top, HEBDEN BRIDGE, London Showrooms: 40-42 Oxford Street, W.1.

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When it's

NO SMOKING

By Order

When smoking's not allowed work can be misery. But pop a Rowntree Fruit Gum or Pastille into your mouth—at once that craving goes—that 'want-something-in-my-mouth' feeling goes. Life's brighter—work's easier! There's more than the taste of fruit in Rowntree's Fruit Gums or Pastilles—they soothe and protect the mouth and throat in a way no other sweets can. Lasting relief!

Let ROWNTREE'S

FRUIT GUMS AND PASTILLES

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ROWNTREE'S FRUIT PASTILLES

2d

Pop a packet in your pocket on your way to work each day!

A variety of luscious fruit flavours in every tube and packet.
Mixed Clear Gums (Hard—long-lasting)
Mixed Pastilles (Sugar coated—softer)

3d & 6d packets

CHEERY COONS' CORNER Conducted by Eb' & Flo'

and other things you take home with you to do your lessons. Cut out the pictures, then paste it on a postcard, and when you have done this, add your name, address and post the card. BEARING A CARD, STAMP to Colouring Competition. Coopers' Corner, 87, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, to arrive not later than Wednesday, August 2.

How many matches? Here's a little trick played with matches, which will puzzle your friends. On the table put four matches in the form of a square. Tell your audience "this square represents a sheep-pen holding fifty sheep. The farmer who owns the pen has one hundred sheep and two pens. How many matches would be used to make the two pens?"

Most likely your audience will at once say "Eight," but this is wrong. Prove it by taking seven matches only. Make an oblong with six—two at the top, two at the bottom, one at either side. Now place the seventh in the centre. Your two pens are made!

COLOURING COMPETITION £1: 15s. 10s. 10 Half-crowns as prizes. Are you glad it's holiday time? Of course! Well, this has given Eb' a good idea for a painting competition. In the picture are school books, a satchel, ruler

COLOURING COMPETITION First Prize £1: Harry Lawrence, 65, Winton-rd., Enfield. Second Prize 15s.: Winnie Dunham, 30, Hassell-st., Bedford. Third Prize 10s.: Ronald Lusher, 16, Rattray-rd., Bristol, S.W.2. Ten Prizes of 2s. 6d.: Gordon A. Howells, 12, Frewin-st., Leicester; Grace Gordon, 19, Nield-st., Leicester; Harry, Manchester; Betty Kepp, 75, Lillie-rd., Fulham, S.W.6; Suzanne Barber, 10, Albert-st., Tring, Herts; Harry Carter-Quarrell, 23, East Grinstead, Sussex; Billy West, 44, Osbert-rd., Farnham, Surrey; E. J. Burton, 23, Dog-lane, Amington, Cambs; Douglas, 32, Belmont-rd., West Ham, E.11; Mason, 147, Springfield-rd., Sheffield, 7.

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Bob Spence, World's Sea Lawyer No. 1, Tells His Story

LIFE OF DRAMA—ON LAND AND SEA!

SEAMEN'S CHAMPION

His Fight For A Square Deal

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

WHEREVER MARINERS FORGATHER IN THE PORTS OF THE SEVEN SEAS, WHETHER IN STEAMY DOCKSIDE CAFES OR SMOKY HARBOUR TAVERNS, YOU WILL HEAR THEM TALK OF BOB SPENCE, THE SAILOR MAN WHO DESERTED THE LIFE HE LOVED TO GET HIS FELLOW ROVERS A SQUARE DEAL.

And now they speak of him more than ever. For Bob Spence, general secretary of the National Seamen's Union and World's Sea Lawyer No. 1, is shortly to retire.

One young sailor will take his pipe from his lips and turn to the old salt.

"How was it," he asks, "that Bob came to be a landlubber anyway?"

And the old salt will tell him. But there is no need for us to listen to the ancient mariner's version. I had the story yesterday from Bob's own lips.

"TWENTY-SEVEN years ago it happened," said this cheerful, masterful Scot. "I was deck officer aboard a ship that put into a Scottish port during the seamen's strike.

"My crew struck like the rest of the lads. They were being paid thirty shillings a week, and they wanted a five bob rise.

"They were good men, and the advance seemed reasonable to me. So when the ship was ordered to sea I struck with the boys.

"Ye see I couldn't blackleg," said Bob, lapsing into his brogue. "I couldn't break the bond wi' the crew that trusted me."

After that the strikers fought the blacklegs tooth and nail. And Bob added:

Battles Royal

"And there was many a battle royal fought on the docks, with many a broken crown, and straw and feather beds flying in all directions.

"That was how," said Bob, "I came to join the Union."

Bob's 63 years of life have been rich in experience and sea lore. He has swabbed the decks of wooden ships and chipped iron rust under a blistering sun.

He has witnessed many a good blow and deep sea drama, but it is hard to get this Scot to talk about himself.

In grudging phrases he outlined a story to me that would have been an epic had it been told aright.

BOB was aboard a freighter, carrying coal from Cardiff to a Russian port during the Russo-Japanese War.

Off Cape Serrat, in North Africa, they ran into a hurricane. The wind rose to an indescribable fury; the flying spray made visibility nil.

The crew were Greek, and when the ship struck they mutinied and took to the boats at once.

Ten men were drowned in the panic. But the British officers stuck to their posts, though it was obvious that the ship could not last long.

"Swam and swam"

Eventually, waterlogged, listing, battered by the storm, the vessel broke into three parts. Bob found himself struggling for his life amid a mass of wreckage.

"I swam and swam," he told me, "sometimes tossed like a cork to the crest of a giant breaker, sometimes, despite my fiercest efforts, drawn down and down by the undertow till I thought I would never see the surface again."

But Bob kept going, struggled through the surf to drop exhausted on the shore. There an Arab guide found him, and together they walked for miles to the nearest French trading post.

BOB was instrumental in clearing Southampton of the sharks who used to batten on sailors, and rob them of a year's wages after they had been paid off.

"Their trick was the usual one of drugging the drink," explained Bob, "then lifting the sailor's wallet at leisure.

"I made it my business to know these men, got the known rogues arrested, and warned sailors whenever I saw them in the company of suspicious characters.

"One day a sailor friend came to me nearly in tears. 'Bob,' he groaned, 'I've been a fool. I went out with two fellows who must have been sharks, and they drugged me. When I came to, all my wages were gone—more than £100!'

"I grinned at the dejected figure of my friend.

"Now, they didn't rob you. I did. I saw who you were with, and knew what was going to happen. So I thought I'd better look after your wages for you.

"Now, if you're sober, you can have your money."

ANSWERS TO TEASERS

The following are the answers to the Teasers in Page Four.

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| (1) Burton. | (7) Singsong! |
| (2) Dolly Varden. | (8) Trawl. |
| (3) Caxton. | (9) Franchise. |
| (4) Marble. | (10) Free. |
| (5) George. | (11) Joseph. |
| (6) Kitchen. | (12) Panopoly. |

OLD COMRADES' CALENDAR

P. of W. Leinster Reg. (R.C.) Committee and general meeting, followed by social, Nag's Head, Old Goldsmiths (London), Tour, Aug. 5-7, six Officers and 60 others visiting Nippon Forest and Lake-C. P. Simpson, 46, Whitcomb-st., W.C. D.C.M. League (London). Meet, Daily Hall, Penton-st., 14, Aug. 22.

DADDY'S DARLING



Carol Ann Beery, adopted daughter of film star Wallace Beery, is all dressed up to go places with Daddy.

SHE'S WORTH—

142 Times Her Weight In Gold!

IT IS ESTIMATED THAT SHIRLEY TEMPLE IS WORTH 142 TIMES HER WEIGHT IN GOLD AT CURRENT RATES!

On the basis that none of her pictures has failed to bring in more than £400,000, the 7,000 feet of exposed film of her latest, "Susannah of the Mounties," weighing 35 pounds, is worth more than 132 times its weight in Shirley Temple gold.

But Shirley measures the value of her pictures by the fun she gets making them, and by those standards her latest film is the best. It gave her a lot of time riding a pony and playing Indians with real Redskins.

The Indians in the picture, states B.U.P., were full-blooded Blackfoot men brought specially from their reservation in Montana.

The studio had to fulfil a number of conditions imposed by the Federal Government before it allowed the "braves" to be transported to Hollywood.

They had to build a special house with all modern conveniences and promise not to give them much spending money.

The "braves" promptly erected their own wigwams and lived in them, and sold their finery, beaded vests, buckskin jackets, moccasins and fur pelts to raise some cash.

With the money thus procured they invested in shop-made clothes which they proudly wore to work. Then the studio had to go around buying back the costumes they had sold and persuade the Indians to wear them.

The paleface members of the cast besides Shirley included Margaret Lockwood, Randolph Scott and Maurice Moscovitch.

New River-Club Ramp

WIVES HELD TO RANSOM

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

WAR HAS BEEN DECLARED ON THE BLACKMAILING PESTS OF RIVERSIDE NIGHT HAUNTS AT MAIDENHEAD, WHERE DOZENS OF INNOCENT WOMEN ARE BEING HELD TO RANSOM UNDER THREATS OF WRECKING THEIR HOMES.

These leeches—well-educated tricksters—make the acquaintance of their women victims in night clubs, ply them with strong drink, spend several hours with them, and afterwards charge them with with impropriety and demand large sums of money as the price of silence.

The extent of the racket has only just been revealed and now a "vigilance committee" is being set up to investigate the activities of the men who are known to be netting thousands a year from local wives and business women.

The alleged "affairs," for which the women are held to ransom, are, in most cases mythical.

Police have been aware of the racket for some time, but they have been unable to act, as the victims, fearing the threat of exposure, refuse to come forward with definite information.

"We must have the complete co-operation of the women before we can clean up this blackmailing ramp," an officer told me. "That is where we are handicapped. They will not talk—and we can quite understand why."

Here 33 Years, He May Now Be Deported

BARNETT PELTZER, A FIFTY-NINE-YEAR-OLD RUSSIAN, CAME TO ENGLAND WITH HIS WIFE THIRTY-THREE YEARS AGO, AND HAS LIVED HERE EVER SINCE.

Yesterday he was told he may have to leave the country.

Peltzer pleaded guilty before Mr. Herbert Metcalfe, at Old Street

CONGRATULATIONS

CONGRATULATIONS are offered by "The People" today to the following readers on the occasion of their wedding anniversaries:

GOLDEN WEDDINGS.—Mr. and Mrs. Argent, 3 Waterbeach, Landbeach; Mr. and Mrs. Coombs, Writlington, Radstock; Mr. and Mrs. E. Milton, 9 Zealand-rd., Bow; E. Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Collins, Northfield-ave., W. Ealing; Mr. and Mrs. W. Cragg, "Rosebank," 200, Cotingham-rd., Hull; Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Dickenson, 31, St. Thomas-rd., N. Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter, 143, Purves-rd., Kensal Rise, Willesden, N.W.; Mr. and Mrs. D. Rayner, Weyland, near Royston, Herts.

SILVER WEDDINGS.—Mr. and Mrs. J. Wells, 3, Francis-rd., Lindfield; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Stoker, 17, Dulmala-terr., Blyth; Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Orson, 2, Talma-rd., Brixton, S.W.; Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Norton, 14, St. Margaret's-rd., Stanstead Abbots, near Ware; Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Donovan, 98 Kingsland-cres., Barry Dock; Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Wood, "Wells Dene," Wistaston, Crewke, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Weaver, 11, Colwith-rd., Hammer-smith, W.

ALSO—Mr. and Mrs. F. Clark, 26, Wyld-way, Wembley (58 years married); Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Tabor, Chapel-rd., Northenden, Manchester (53 years married); Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Carter, 60, Mortimer-rd., Merne Bay (48 years); Mr. and Mrs. W. Webster, 132a, Adelaide-rd., Brockley, S.E.

New Wonder Glass From Cotton Waste!

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

EVERY WEEK HUGE QUANTITIES OF A NEW MATERIAL WHICH WILL REVOLUTIONISE INDUSTRY ARE BEING PRODUCED. BUT THE PUBLIC NEVER SEES ANY OF IT.

Every ton that is made is bought by the big aircraft companies.

It is a tougher, cheaper and plastic form of glass, and is made from waste products that were formerly thrown away in the cotton industry.

A big industrial combine that has discovered the material has found that it will make practically unbreakable lenses, spectacles and other optical requirements at a fraction of the cost of high-grade ground glass.

Experiments are still going on for its use in other directions. Research work it is hoped, will lead to its being used to make motor-car tyres.

At present, however, the whole output is being commandeered for use on fighting planes.

Regain YOUTH and VITALITY

Men and women can safely and surely restore their Health and Strength by taking PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast. This gives New Life and Vigour to all, and when taken regularly, the effects are most remarkable. Besides increasing your vitality in a wonderful degree, various ailments such as Indigestion, "Nerves," Neuritis and Rheumatism are quickly banished. Take PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast regularly—you'll feel TWICE AS FIT and YEARS YOUNGER.

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast contains the whole series of the life-giving B-Vitamins in rich abundance. Besides increasing the Nutritive Value of your food, these Vitamins stimulate Glandular activity in Nature's Own Way. PHILLIPS is perfectly safe for all ages and not habit-forming...small, handy tablets.

All Chemists

1/3, 3/-, 5/-

Vest-pocket

size - 6d.

Contains

NO DRUG

Phillips
TONIC YEAST

NEWS!—no more "White lies"

THE NEW TOOTHPASTE WITH AN AMAZING NEW* INGREDIENT!



How many people have relied on the "white" appearance of their teeth—believed that they were in good condition because they looked clean—and then found that their teeth were white lies—covered at the back with TARTAR? You cannot rely on the appearance of your teeth; you must make sure that they are not "white lies".

Ordinary toothpastes claim to keep teeth white. Solidox, the amazing new toothpaste, does more than merely whiten teeth—it protects them too. Ordinary tooth-cleaning cannot possibly remove tartar. Solidox is not an ordinary toothpaste. Solidox will prevent tartar forming on your teeth and will remove it if already present.

Solidox alone does this because Solidox is the only toothpaste that contains the unique ingredient covered by British Patent No. 259942. This wonderful new ingredient is proved to prevent and remove tartar, common cause of dental troubles. Even if your teeth are badly discoloured Solidox will help to make them dazzling white again and keep them free from tartar.

Solidox works with a solvent action so gentle that it cannot harm the delicate enamel of the teeth.

Start now to give your teeth regular Solidox care. Use Solidox twice a day, see your dentist regularly—then you can be sure that your teeth are as clean as they look!

SOLIDOX

MAKES DULL TEETH WHITE

KEEPS WHITE TEETH RIGHT

6d
BIG TUBE

SOL 1-226-55

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.C.10

MANICURE!



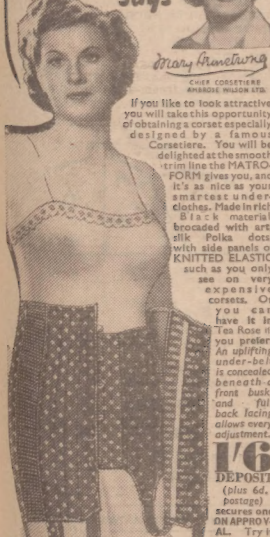
Graham Moffatt gives himself a manicure during the filming of "Where's That Fire?" now nearing completion at the Islington Studios.

STARS OF THE RING TO MEET TODAY

JACK DOYLE is to meet Len Harvey today—but not in a ring! Doyle, with his Mexican film-star wife, Movita, is the visiting celebrity this week at Bullin's Clacton holiday camp. And Len Harvey is at present holidaying there.

Many thousands of visitors have already attended these "Celebrity Sundays," which have been organised in aid of the funds of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond-st., W.C. A charge of 1s. is made for admission to the camp grounds and amusements, and the whole of the proceeds are devoted to the hospital.

A Corset for women of generous proportions says



COUPON
WAIST HIPS
COLOUR
Please send me an Ambrose Wilson Corset (enclosed) (Postage and packing) with full name, address, and telephone number. Oversee full cash.

Ambrose Wilson LTD
110 Abchurch Lane, 60 Yanchell Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1

MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM

July and August are two months of the year when Muscular Rheumatism and its cousin, Lumbago, are rampant. Many a sufferer's holiday is turned into a fortnight's torture by the fierce, stabbing pain, the excruciating stiffness.

The condition is brought about by chill, fatigue, strain or injury. An evening's exposure to water, first thing every morning, or bowls or a few hours in the sun, for instance, are among the exciting activities that can produce a Muscular attack next day.

Probably the most effective treatment for Muscular Rheumatism or Lumbago is the simplest. It consists in taking a powerful of Fynnion Salt dissolved in warm water. This, plus warmth, quickly brings up an attack as its powerful elements of Sodium, Potassium and Calcium—chief constituents of the Spa Waters—dissolve the cruel crystals and rinse them from the system.

The result is blessed peace and ease. Fynnion Salt is a natural salt which follows naturally as liver and kidneys and the whole inner system are kept in full, healthy activity.

A large tin of Fynnion Salt costs 1/3 at all chemists. Advise.

WHEN FEET BURN

BLAME STALE FOOT ACID!
Pains all through your feet? Aching, burning, shooting agonies every step you take? Shoes on fire all the time? Blame stale Foot Acid. This crippling condition of the feet begins in the every square inch of skin—more than any other part of your body! When feet get tired, stale Foot Acid chokes these pores, then piles up in the muscles. O-o-o-o! Your feet ache and burn. They sting and throbb. Soon corns and callouses form. You've got to shift that acid or go on suffering! The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in warm water with a small handful of Radox added. Radox liberates a time-saving much more than any other bath salts. This life-giving oxygen cleans out the clogged pores, lets the crippling acid get away. Muscles are soothed. Swelling goes down. Tired, burning, aching feet are quickly eased and comforted. Give your feet a Radox bath tonight! The chemist sells Radox, 1/6 per 10 oz. pink packet, 2/6 double quantity. Also in cubes—3 for 7/4d.

RADOX 10 oz. Pink Packet 1/6

HAIR FALLING OUT?

Each bottle of Pure Silvikrin contains enough organic hair-food to increase the growth of hair by 35%.

Brilliant research combines in Silvikrin the 14 natural ingredients of human hair. At last the problems of falling hair, baldness, dandruff, etc., have been solved by that brilliant bio-chemist, Dr. Weidner. He discovered that healthy hair growth must have 14 separate, natural ingredients; and he combined them in Silvikrin. Silvikrin is therefore the hair's natural food. It stops falling hair, banishes dandruff and grows new, healthy hair.

SILVIKRIN LOTION For slight dandruff, hair beginning to fall, lank hair, thinning hair, bald patches—threatening baldness. Grows new hair. Bottle 6/-, sufficient for one month. From all chemists, hairdressers and stores.

SILVIKRIN
DOES GROW HAIR

USE BEFORE SMILING! MAGNESIA IS FOUND TO WHITEN TOOTH ENAMEL

Did you know that teeth, so badly stained that the discoloration resists even scraping, will become a beautifully clear white if your dentifrice contains magnesia of the right brand?

Try this on your teeth, and see them whiten! There is something in the chemistry of the mouth that blanches the tooth enamel when a certain toothpaste of high magnesia content is used a few times. Phillips' Dental Magnesia gives you 75% "Milk of Magnesia" brand antacid, and even the deep yellow stains from tobacco disappear completely.

Dentists advocate this new type of dentifrice. Not because of its remarkable whitening action, but for its complete correction of acid mouth. "Milk of Magnesia" neutralises the mouth acids which cause cavities and cause carefully filled cavities to fall away from the filling. Tartar does not form, either, when Phillips' Dental Magnesia keeps the mouth alkaline: teeth are as clean and smooth as the gumline as on polished surfaces.

It's the amazing whitening properties that really won the popularity of this new type of dentifrice. Women are particularly partial to it, but noticeably white teeth are a great asset to men, too. The words "Milk of Magnesia" referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain this "Milk of Magnesia" recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Obtainable everywhere at 6d., 10/4d., 1/6 a tube.—Adv.

LAST FEW DAYS BARGAIN

2/6 DOWN and 9 monthly payments of 5/-
This is the last chance to get your Peak of Loveliness. **REAL SILVERED FUR TIE**—at 4/6. Ordinary 3 guineas. or 10 monthly payments as above.

SUGDEN FURS
118, REGENT ST., W.1
Name _____
Address _____

JUST above the horizon and almost due south, the red eye of Mars is winking at the world these summer nights. Astronomers stare back at it through their telescopes, for our sister planet is nearer to us now than it will be again for another fifteen years. And they think, as one leader writer puts it, that "if Mars is dead, it is almost certain that man is unique; that among all the flaming galaxies of unfathomed space, he alone is the standard bearer of life."

Reading that, I was reminded of the man who struggled through Browning's obscure poem, "Sordello," and declared sorrowfully that he only understood two lines of it. "And they were both lies!"

For Mars, dead or alive, can surely prove very little. It might be comforting for many reasons to suppose that man is unique. On the other hand, it would be most depressing to assume that this "unique" creature is the only "standard bearer of life."

THERE are times, you see, when homo sapiens—thinking man—behaves with less intelligence than any of the brute creation; when he bears the standard of death instead of life; and when he is no more to be trusted than a chimpanzee playing with matches in a powder magazine.

I am thinking as I write this of that poor young Edinburgh professor, returning from his honeymoon with his bride, who found Death waiting for him at King's Cross station, waiting like a cowardly assassin hired by gangsters in a gangster war.

Almost beyond doubt the bomb outrages of the past week are the work of Irish political fanatics, so blind a reason that they cannot see the harm they are doing even to their own cause.

Eire and the Roman Catholic Church disown them. This country has put up with their devilish mischief no longer. They are outlaws and must be treated as such.

Drastic Powers
For The Police
LAST Sunday, commenting on Violence Bill, your correspondent was uneasy about the drastic powers which it would confer upon the police.

Many Members of Parliament were uneasy, too, but it happened that the House went into committee on this Bill only a few hours after the explosion at King's Cross.

There was no "explosion" in the Commons, and let that be said to the credit of Members, who were full of righteous anger and yet, in the words of Mr. Wedgwood Benn, "able to sit and consider reasonably the question of infringing the rights of the citizen."

Nevertheless, after certain amendments had been accepted and the Home Secretary had given his personal assurance that the new powers would not be abused, the Third Reading was passed in five minutes.

The Lords were no less speedy in recording their approval and the Bill became law with the Royal assent a day later.

Thus the I.R.A. bombers had done more to convince Parliament and the country of its necessity than Sir Samuel Hoare could ever have done, even after his revelation of the notorious "S" plan and his significant admission that the terrorists are receiving financial help from some "foreign power."

TERRORISM always forged the weapons for its own defeat. One could almost forgive the stupidity of muddle-headed zealots who destroyed property thinking to serve a cause.

But it is not possible to forgive the wanton killing and maiming of innocent people or find any excuse for fanatics financed by foreign gold.

Man Is Unique—
And Quite Mad!

If there were intelligent beings in Mars or any other world, and they could survey life on our own planet, how could they escape the conclusion that man is not only unique, but, in many respects, quite mad?

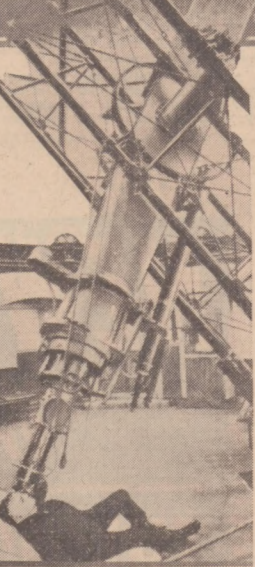
In this country, for instance, we are preparing for the great "black out" of half England one night next week. We shall be rehearsing, as other countries have rehearsed, the maddest nightmare that the mind of man has ever entertained.

Here is a world full of ordinary men and women longing for peace. They don't ask much of life. They could be happy in little homes and small safe jobs. They don't hate each other. Individually they would be horrified at the thought of cruelty to a child.

And yet, collectively, they prepare to meet the monstrous, lunatic menace of the bombing aeroplane and its deliberate massacre of innocent people, old and young, men, women and children!

Do not suppose that your old friend is criticising these things as they are, we ought all to co-operate in them willingly and effectively.

LET'S TALK IT OVER



Thursday will almost certainly decide to break up as usual for the summer vacation.

And so, though it's a mad world, my masters, let us take heart of grace and go about our business and our pleasure with gaining confidence.

Bigger Pensions In "The Carpet Bag"!

THE Government, I suppose, should be better able to read the international barometer than we are. It would therefore seem that if it is now concerned with plans for an election in the autumn, it cannot be too greatly apprehensive of danger in the months between.

In fact, having solved the pension problem for the declining years Members, it is now prepared to make at least some concessions to the Old Age Pensioners.

Forgive this writer for murmuring "I told you so." He had no secret information, but, knowing something of political human nature, he felt certain that concessions were in the air.

Not that they are much to "write home about" so far. All that the Government has actually promised is an inquiry and the adjustment of certain anomalies.

For the same tragic reason—things being as the are—we have to go on building bombers and fighters ourselves and incurring an annual bill for armaments alone of some £700,000,000.

But there is this great consolation that we at all events, neither started this madness of rearmament nor take part in it now except to safeguard ourselves and our friends from unprovoked aggression.

EVEN now, when a pact with Russia is regarded as certain and Staff and Russian generals may be talking over the fence.

THOUGHT for Today

If you lose your head the moment you have found your feet your gains are small indeed.

From D. Loughwood, 121, The Broadway, Perry Barr, Birmingham.

To Be Prepared Also For Peace

BUT for the continued tension in Europe, this holiday season would be one of the most cheerful the country has known for many years.

For one thing, the principle of paid holidays for the workers is more widely accepted than ever before and many thousands of families are taking their first care-free vacation this summer.

And, for another, there is a notable reduction in unemployment. The Government expects the total to fall below the million mark some time this autumn and it has not done that for thirteen weary years.

The danger here is lest Mr. Brown at the Ministry of Labour, described the

other day, I can't imagine why, as "our happiest Minister," should smile too broadly and imagine that this problem is solving itself. It isn't. It is being solved, partially and temporarily, by our enormous armaments programme.

THAT programme won't last for ever and nobody wants it to. It follows, therefore, that today's favourite slogan—"We've got to be prepared"—ought to imply much more than preparation for defence. We must also be prepared for peace.

Indeed, the "risk" of peace is quite as serious as the risk of war. War is the ultimate madness of mankind and so it is a sort of madness to expect it. Peace, on the other hand, is the very purpose of our preparation.

We are at peace now—not much of a peace, perhaps, an uneasy, troubled and precarious one, if you like; but still peace. And the probability is not only that peace will continue, but that as time goes on it will become less precarious and more firmly established.

That being so, plans should be made now to meet the needs of society after the nightmare of war has been forgotten.

Staff Work For "The Home Front"

REALISING the value of such peace-time planning, the Trades Union Congress has very sensibly urged the Prime Minister to set up a sort of "Economic General Staff"—a permanent body, that is, which would be given wide powers to prepare for the ultimate and inevitable falling off in armaments activity.

This new Staff, if it is ever formed, would include economic experts and men and women of practical experience in industry and commerce. It would not supersede the Ministry of Labour, but it would work in harmony with it and with employers and trade unions.

Its duty would be to study unemployment in detail and to make suggestions for fighting it all along the line. For this enemy attacks on a wide front, each industry forming a separate sector which can only be defended according to its particular needs.

Hitherto, it must be confessed, there has been no detailed plan of action, nor any bold generalship. And the bulletins from this front have been usually limited to an apologetic "all fairly quiet."

Mr. Chamberlain and Sir John Simon, together with Mr. Ernest Brown and his colleagues, Mr. Lennox-Boyd, of the Ministry of Labour, went into the T.U.C. proposals in detail, and the Premier promised to give them "further consideration."

They deserve it, and it is to be hoped they will get it. This country has abandoned, none too soon, its habit of "muddling through" in foreign affairs.

The sooner it stops "muddling through" the ordinary, but essential, programme of social and economic reform the sooner shall we escape from darkness into light.

A Man o' the People

By The Lounger

I've often wondered if I could swim the Channel. Of course, I've never swum so far before, because the Channel must be a lot wider than the Swimming Baths that our school go to. I can swim 4 lengths at the Baths without getting puffed, but maybe that's not enough.

If I mentioned it to Beeky he'd never let me go, anyway, and nobody is a bit encouraging at our house. Our Florrie is quite a good swimmer, but when she heard that Channel-swimmers generally wore goggles and smeared themselves all over with oil she lost interest, because, of course, our Florrie likes to look glamorous whatever she's doing.

And Father wasn't very helpful, either. He's always sackier about Channel-swimming. He says there's a good many people think that you can swim it nowadays that they ought to have Belshazzar's Feast and speed-cops to control the cross-Channel swimming.

So I expect I shall have to go on the ship with Beeky and Cuzzin Arthur and give up all sorts of swimming. Beeky will probably try to be a bit of a hero, for a schoolmaster, when he's off parade. Maybe he'll even wear shorts, same as he did on holiday once before, and if he does that'll give me a hairy lark anyway.

You wouldn't believe what an extraordinary crochery young Arthur is. Even when he isn't bound to swim he goes about with a French book under one arm and a jocular book under the other. I mean, it isn't natural! But when we get to Paris he won't be any better off. The French people mayn't be able to understand my English, but I bet they won't lark at it as much as they lark at Cuzzin Arthur's French!

THE WORLD ON PARADE

8,000 "SCRAPS OF PAPER"

YEARS ago someone wrote: "Happy the people whose annals are vacant," meaning that the history of mankind was only a record of wars, squabbles, strife and discord. If he were right then man is the unhappiest of all the animals, and the most warlike of creatures.

It has been calculated that in the 3,153 years of written history there have been only 268 when the world was free from some war or other. Many struggles were brief and bitter like the Seven Weeks War between Prussia and Austria in 1866; others dragged wearily on for years, winner of the discord Marathon being the Hundred Years War, which began in 1338 and lasted until 1453.

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Briton's Device Tried By France

RAY TO STOP WARPLANES

BRITAIN HAS DETAILS FOR WARTIME USE

EXCLUSIVE TO "THE PEOPLE"

DETAILS OF AN INVENTION WHICH, IT IS BELIEVED, WILL MAKE AIR RAIDS VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE, HAVE BEEN CONFIDED TO THE BRITISH AIR AUTHORITIES BY FRANCE.

The invention is that of a young British scientist. Its principle is the projection of rays that are said to stop the movement of aircraft. After months of experiment, the French authorities are reported to have passed the device as satisfactory.

The young man's idea was originally submitted by its author to the British authorities who, it is stated, turned it down.

The inventor then offered it to the French Air Ministry, who accepted it and subjected it to stringent tests. These trials are said to have proved conclusively that the claim to be able to stop an aeroplane in flight are well founded.

BRITONS SEE TEST

Representatives of British aviation were invited to France and saw the final tests.

They were satisfied, it is reported, with the results, and the French Air Ministry started at once to manufacture the necessary apparatus.

At the same time, the details were communicated to the British Air Ministry in accordance with the agreement for the exchange of information regarding inventions for use in war time.

The full details of the invention are secret.

GLAMOUR GIRL



Peggy Simmonds, sixteen-years-old winner of the Sandown (I.O.W.) Glamour Girl Contest, seems to think her success is lovely fun.

Air Minister Feels 'All Right' PLANE GUARDED AFTER CRASH

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, the Air Minister, yesterday said that he was "feeling all right" after his flying adventure at Kirkby-in-Furness, Lancashire. Meanwhile, a strict guard is being maintained over the aeroplane in which his pilot made a forced landing while flying to Belfast.

Sir Kingsley, who spent the night at Kirkby-in-Furness vicarage, motored yesterday to Ulverston, where he joined a train for London.

The machine in which the Minister had flown is not on the secret list, but it is being guarded because no photographs of it must be taken.

HILL APPEARED FROM MIST

It appears now that the pilot of the machine was attempting to make a landing and thought he was approaching level ground when, out of the mist, a hill suddenly appeared into which he crashed. The undercarriage of the plane was considerably damaged.

Sir Kingsley had to cross rough ground in the pouring rain until he could get to a car, and when he arrived at the vicarage he was wet through.

The four injured persons in the Ulverston Cottage Hospital were reported yesterday to be "progressing very satisfactorily." They are Air-Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney (knee injury); Wing-Commander D. F. Anderson, pilot of the aircraft (cuts on head); Flying-officer J. S. Dunlevie, second pilot (fracture of the right ankle and cuts on the face); Corporal Peach, wireless operator (cut head and injury to the arm).

AUGUST 18 IS COBB'S ZERO HOUR

From Our Own Correspondent
Liverpool, Saturday.

British racing motorist, John Cobb, who sailed from Liverpool for New York today, is determined to break Capt. Eyston's 357 m.p.h. record at Bouville Flats, Utah, about the middle of August.

He will continue until his 50 specially made tyres are worn out.

On his previous speed trials at Bouville, Cobb reached 350 m.p.h.

"First trial will be made about August 15. If all goes well I will make an attempt to break the record about August 18."

FIVE BADLY HURT IN CAR CRASH

Five people were seriously injured when a motor-car and a utility van collided at the junction of Downs-rod and Grandstand-rod, Epsom, yesterday.

The injured, who were taken to Epsom County Hospital, are: Mr. Norman Edward Sheath, of Barrow-in-Furness, (fractured ribs); Miss E. Werner, of the same address (head injuries); Mr. Noel Marshall, of Warren-rod, Banstead (head injuries); Mrs. Marshall, same address (serious head injuries); Mrs. Teresa Prentice, of Rose Hill-gardens, Sutton (internal injuries).

The car was driven by Mr. Noel Marshall. The utility van, driven by Mr. Stanley C. Hayton, of New Malden, is owned by Lady Carr, of Wotton, Walton-on-the-Hill.

"The People's" Secret Service News

FACT THAT GERMAN MILITARY AUTHORITIES HAVE ISSUED ORDERS FOR ALL ROADS OF STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA TO BE PUT INTO PROPER ORDER BY SEPTEMBER 1 SUGGESTS THAT THAT DATE MAY BE AN IMPORTANT ONE IN TROUBLED HISTORY OF CENTRAL EUROPE.

This order specially refers to roads leading from Slovakia to Polish frontier, and makes provision for conscription of labour to ensure necessary work is completed to schedule.

Disclosure in this column a few weeks ago that Franco was facing threat of new civil war in Spain is confirmed by news from Burgos that several of Franco's generals have revolted and that troops have been dispatched to Bilbao and other centres of discontent.

Position is growing worse. Several more generals are to be sacked. And unless monarchy is restored there seems prospect of wholesale slaughter again in few months.

VON PAPPEN, sent to Turkey on mission of persuading her to break from British Peace Front, has blundered again. He offered Turkey's President Ismet bribe of Dodecanese Islands in Eastern Mediterranean in return for break with Britain.

Result: Ismet told Mussolini (islands now belong to Italy). Now Ciano wants to know whether Von Pappen's offer was an inspiration of his own or whether it had backing of Berlin.

GERMAN Air Force crashes average 15 daily—half total output of German aircraft industry.

Now German Press has received orders from Goebbels, arch-propagandist, to suppress news of such crashes.

Use of "substitute" (ersatz) and inferior materials are believed to be cause of high accident rate.

DISCOVERY by Special Branch, Scotland Yard, of secret channel through which money subscribed in U.S.A. reaches I.R.A. organisation in Eire and Britain has prompted representations to President Roosevelt through our Ambassador in Washington.

Request is that G-Men should round-up ringleaders of Irish sympathisers in U.S.A.

REVELATIONS by Herr Syrup, Under-Secretary for State in Berlin, that there are working now in Germany 37,000 Italians, 15,000 Yugoslavs, 12,000 Hungarians, 53,000

Czechs, 40,000 Slovaks, 5,000 Bulgarians and 4,000 Dutchmen have brought him sharp reprimand from Herr Hitler. Syrup has been ordered to make no more speeches for a long time. Reason: His disclosures were in direct contradiction of Hitler's claim that there was not enough living room in the Reich for the German people.

BRICKLAYERS and masons are now being conscripted to rebuild with bricks and stone and mortar cracked and perished fortifications of Germany's so-called "impregnable" Siegfried Line on her Western frontier. Attempts to repair the damage have been abandoned.

Workers required are roped in by Gestapo agents who tour by car building sites in German cities. After line-up of workers, those who are medically fit are given orders to report to

municipal headquarters, where they receive the necessary papers to travel to the fortifications.

Workers failing to report run the risk of arrest and detention in concentration camps.

KING CAROL, pleasure-cruising in the Mediterranean, is combining recreation with important diplomatic business.

He has already seen President Ismet of Turkey, and plans also to call on King George of Greece.

Rumania, Turkey and Greece are all linked up with the British Peace Front.

NAZI attempts to penetrate Hungary are being speeded up. Herr Hubay, chief of the Hungarian Nazis, has been invited to Berlin for a talk with Hitler.

At the same time, 60 young missionaries of the Hitler Youth Movement are being sent to Hungary on a holiday tour.

MORE intimate relations between Japan and Germany is the object of a new campaign on which Hitler is embarking.

Four special Japanese envoys—an Admiral, a General, a banker and an industrialist—are being invited to attend the coming Nazi Party Congress at Nuremberg.

They are to be treated as Hitler's special guests and will be accorded special honours.

OFFICERS of a foreign Power not friendly to Britain, and dressed in mufti, have been paying daily visits to a British dockyard where highly important work is being carried out to one of the biggest ships in the Fleet.

Their frequent visits aroused police attention, and when inquiries revealed their identity, they were told, without any reason being given, that they could not be admitted again to the dockyard.



PRESIDENT ISMET

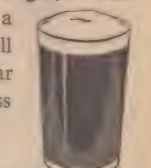
To all who have SHORT HOLIDAYS

READ WHAT THIS DOCTOR SAYS:

"After nearly nine months' hard work I became thoroughly run down. During my holiday I had a glass of Guinness each night before going to bed. At the end of my ten days' vacation I felt ready for duty again."—M.B.

That settles it. Let's all have a Guinness a day during our holidays. Partly because Guinness is so obviously right for hot or strenuous days—so clean and refreshing with its pleasing tang of hops. Partly because Guinness gives you strength, so that the refreshment does not vanish in a few minutes. And finally because all the time it's toning you up for the year to come. Treat yourself to a Guinness daily. Guinness is good for you.

The above doctor's letter is quoted with special permission.



BRIDE GIVES UP £1,700 A YEAR



By her marriage at Chelsea Register Office yesterday to Mr. Harold Colton, Mrs. Elfrida Penard has sacrificed an income of £1,700 a year.

Mrs. Penard was the widow of John Blackhouse Penard, the Epsom race-horse trainer who died last year in Switzerland.

Under her late husband's will, Mrs. Penard was left £2,000 a year during her widowhood, to be reduced to £300 a year if she remarried.

A reception was held in the bride's home at Whitlands-grove, Chelsea, after the register office ceremony.

FRANCE POSTPONES GENERAL ELECTION

Paris, Saturday. By a decree signed here to-day by President Lebrun, the General Election in France, which should normally have been held next May, has now been postponed until 1942.

This decree was one of a batch of 80 which earmarked over \$5,000,000, and covering larger families and for checking the exodus from the land.

With the object of effectively countering Dr. Goebbels' propaganda, a National Administration of Broadcasting is also provided for in the decrees.

ADVERTISER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

Holiday Stomach WASTES PRECIOUS DAYS

What do you have a holiday for, if not to enjoy every minute of it? Yet many waste their holiday in recovering from the stomach troubles, headache and exhaustion caused by the change. Perhaps a little of good things, such as rich food and smoking, makes matters worse.

These holiday-wasting upsets can easily be avoided by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They soothe and steady the stomach, prevent headaches, nausea and all the disturbing effects of the journey and worst of holiday conditions. They most effectively prevent indigestion due to over-indulgence.

It is two before you start, then you'll be at it and bright, ready to reap the last enjoyment and benefit from your holiday. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets now! Neat flat tins for the 60, and 1/- Family sizes 2/- and obtainable everywhere.

MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS
NEW HANDY TIN 6P

"Milk of Magnesia" is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

He Knew—And How!

Heard In Court Yesterday

MAN: I KNEW THERE WAS GOING TO BE A ROW WHEN WE GOT INDOORS BECAUSE WHEN WE GOT TO THE GATE MY WIFE SAID TO THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR, "I AM AFRAID I CAN'T STOP AND TALK."

Man: My wife would never touch money I had won at the dogs. She said it was tainted, and that, anyway, there wasn't enough!

Woman: My husband caused a lot of trouble when our daughter got engaged. He said her young man couldn't afford to keep him.

Husband: My wife has always wanted to have her cake and eat it, so naturally when there wasn't any cake it upset her.

Man: My wife is fond of going to weddings. She likes to see how miserable the happy couple look.

Wife: The only thing that makes life with my husband bearable is the fact that he is never at home.

Witness: I never did think they were suited for each other. The man is fond of his mother, and his wife is very fond of hers.

Wife: He couldn't think of anything else sarcastic to say of his own, so he read out an advertisement about keeping the house clean.

Man: I think it is high time my wife stopped taking out summonses against me. We are old enough now to settle down.

Wife: The trouble with my husband is that if you make the slightest concession to him he looks upon it as appeasement.

£289,120 Duties On Incheape Estate

DUTIES OF £289,120 HAVE BEEN PAID ON THE £701,229 ESTATE (£581,626 NET) OF THE SECOND EARL OF INCHEAPE, WHO DIED SUDDENLY ON JUNE 21.

Lord Incheape, who was fifty-one, was chairman or director of thirty companies, including the P. and O. Steam Navigation Co., and the Westminster Bank.

Funds of his first marriage settlement are for the children of that marriage.

Subject to his wife's interest the children of his second marriage will, on attaining majority, share the

funds of his second marriage settlement.

He left to his wife the use of Chint-hurst Hill, Woking, Surrey, his effects at his Grosvenor-sq., London, residence, his interest in property, Castello Sania, Palamos Gerona, Spain, and effects elsewhere, including pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Henry Raeburn, J. M. W. Turner and Oswald Birley, a legacy of £20,000 and an annuity during widowhood of £3,000.

Lord Incheape also left £1,000 to each of his children: £2,000 to his private secretary, W. B. Huckle, and £100 each to his chauffeur, Harry Dunbar, and his second chauffeur, A. J. Seager.

The residue is left one-sixth on trust for his wife for life and the balance on trust between his children on reaching majority.

DAY TO REMEMBER



This soldier of the King's Own Scottish Borderers will always remember the day the Duchess of Gloucester pinned a medal on his tunic. After presenting the medals, the Duchess took the salute from the regiment, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief.

ENGLAND, WALES AND SCOTLAND—BY TAXI

From Our Own Correspondent
Bath, Saturday.

Mr. Bert Bourne, a taxi driver usually to be found on the rank near Bath Abbey, set out from Bath to-day on a journey which is expected to beat the 2,000-mile record recently set up by the taxi travels in this country of three American women.

His fares are a retired judge of the Supreme Court of New Zealand, the Hon. Alexander Samuel Evans, and his wife, who have chartered the vehicle to make a tour of England, Wales and Scotland as far north as Thurso.

They will return via the East Coast of Scotland and back to Bath through the Midlands. The trip is expected to take about a month.

ZEE-KOL

(BRAND)

THE ONLY OINTMENT FOR A.R.P.

HEALS EVERY SKIN DISEASE

ECZEMA
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear."

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS
"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol healed them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBARGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Spend for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the face and for Rheumatic pain."

SPRAINS, ETC.
Massage with Zee-Kol and then bandage, but not too tightly, just sufficient to give support. Zee-Kol instantly removes the inflammation and the sprain is better in two days."

SCALP IRRITATION
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the scalp removes dandruff and irritation."

CORNS
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning."

MANY IN A NIGHT
WE HAVE FOUR SACKS FULL OF TESTIMONIALS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

Many may promise a wonderful remedy, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin healer of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, etc., are rapidly and completely banished and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. Zee-Kol kills all germs that enter the skin—that is why it heals the moment it touches the skin. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. There is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol heals in record time. Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Chitblains, Leg Troubles, Severe Burns, etc.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores

Large Tin 6d.
Other Sizes 1/3 and 3/4

or direct from **SHAYEX ZEE-KOL CO. LTD.** (DEPT. 2K4), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

LOVE with LOADED DICE

READ THIS FIRST

BECAUSE of a quixotic notion that she could use his money to help her friends, FAYRE DENNIE married TONY MYRON, a rich young man who fell madly in love with her on first sight. After the wedding Tony's realization that Fayre does not love him causes him to leave her, though his affections for her were stronger than ever. Seeing in this her opportunity, MARJORIE ISALA, wife of Tony's friend GREG, tracks Tony down to a cottage in Cornwall, where Tony meets with an accident. Realising that she does love him after all, Fayre goes to the cottage, where Tony is still unconscious, and there meets Marjorie, who gives a false impression of the true state of affairs. Fayre learns that Tony has lost all his money except the half of his fortune he had settled on her at the time of the marriage. Meanwhile, she has turned most of the money over to his lawyers and asked the true state of affairs. Fayre learns that Tony has lost all his money except the half of his fortune he had settled on her at the time of the marriage. Meanwhile, she has turned most of the money over to his lawyers and asked the true state of affairs.

"ES, sir, Mrs. Anthony Myron has a nursing home for children at 19, West-end. You can't mistake it. The house is all white now. It used to be red and yellow brick, but it looks nice. New fashion, I suppose."

"Thanks very much. I'll find it."

The February twilight was of melted aquamarines, tinged into melted yellow topaz, clear, thin, with the trees fat with buds outlined against it and a wisp of mist haunting the gardens. Tony got into his car and followed the chemist's directions.

His veins were pumping hard and his mind going round and round. Fayre with a nursing home for babies. Strange he'd never have guessed she

happened to this home? Her babies might cease to come and she would see her walls falling down, leaving her standing naked, as it were, robbed not of clothes, but of the security she had tried to build up.

"Yes, I will."

He caught her in his arms, but she twisted her head so that his lips only pressed on her hair. She could feel him shaking and she shut her eyes and pressed her lips together, and then pulled herself free.

"My darling," he let her go, his hands slipping down her arms until they reached her finger tips which he raised to kiss. "You mean this?"

Triumph

"Yes, Pete, but you're getting me because I am afraid of loneliness."

"I'm getting you," his voice was hoarse. "That's all I care about. We'll celebrate tonight. I feel an infant with excitement."

He refused to see how white she had grown. She was fingering her wedding ring. Somehow that didn't mean anything to her. If Tony had given it to her in love, if she had watched it slip on in love, nothing would have parted her from it. Suddenly she pulled it off and put in on a small table as she turned away for a minute.

Pete had picked up her white velvet coat with its tall collar of white fox. He wanted to kiss her again, but he dared not. His triumph was too new for him to risk it.

They went down to his car and Fayre turned to look at the white house sheltering the babies. What a little while she had worked there. As Pete took her hand, instinct made him feel for her wedding ring, only not to find it there. He looked at her intently. She did not want dim shadows, intimate darkness.

"Then you mean it, I'm not dreaming?" He lifted her hand. She nodded.

"Yes, I mean it."

Weariness

She couldn't go on saying "No" to Pete. One of these days she would give in, when she felt so tired and so lonely. She was both tonight, and things piled up to make her feel that she couldn't bear any more burdens without someone standing by. Going to see Phyllis and Mickey always upset her. Holding Ann Bridget and catching the look in Mickey's eyes as he bent over his daughter. And thinking what Tony would have felt like.

The day had been tiresome, too. One of the nurses had gone off duty in tears because her "boy" had written to say he had fallen in love with another girl. Two babies had threatened to develop measles, but decided against it; then another, who had been with Fayre for five weeks, was well enough to go home, and that was always a bad time for her. She loved them all.

The telephone rang and she lifted the receiver to hear Pete's voice.

"I'm calling from the post-office at the end of your road. Come up to town for dinner, Fayre. You're working too hard."

"I can't. I'm so tired." Her voice quivered. Then a desire to see a bright restaurant, to hear a perfect dance band, to put on one of her lovely frocks, seized her. "All right, Pete. You'll have to wait while I change."

Splendid!

She heard the eagerness and sighed. Making do was almost as hard a job as any in the world. And she was "making do" with Pete. She hated herself for it, she wanted to be strong and say: "I love Tony, and I don't want the world," but she was young and she called her.

She ran down to the matron to make sure she could get away. A hasty glance at all the cots, a few assurances from Alice, the maid, and she sped into her bath just as Pete drew his car up and got out. The lamp from his car caught his white dress shirt and waistcoat and showed his face clearly.

HONEYMOON for ONE

By GINA DAYE

Fayre could hardly eat. She was glad of the champagne and sipped it slowly. She was glad of the band, for it made conversation difficult and unnecessary, and Pete did all the talking.

"I'm very happy, deliciously happy. How soon can you get away?"

The meal was over and they were left alone by attentive waiters.

"I have a lot to do first. I must sell the nursing home, or leave it to be run by the matron. I have such a lot to pay for yet."

"Let me settle it all—we can't be thinking about nursing homes."

Embarrassment

Fayre smiled. It wasn't romantic. She did not feel that she was rushing away on a passionate romance.

"We'll see. She snubbed out her cigarette and watched the smoke curl up because she did not want to meet Pete's eyes. "I'm afraid you may be sorry about this one day."

"Never. Will you be ready at the end of next week? I'm saying this to give you time to arrange everything."

"I can manage then. Where shall we go?"

"Italy... Greece... India... no—India is too hot." Pete amended hastily, and a flush grew over his weather-beaten skin. Fayre saw it and caught her breath. Pete knew too many people in India, and the first horrible stab was thrust into her. She faced him bravely while he cursed himself for his stupidity.

"It has begun so quickly, Pete. Not India. Do you realise what we are doing?"

"I was a fool to say that, of course. I know, and we'll go to India sometime. Anyway, we'll do Rome and Naples and Capri first."

In the car on the way home he felt that he was waiting about in a magical world. Fayre was going to be his wife in the sight of God. The old-fashioned words came to his mind and he said them aloud. Fayre leant back against the cushions, her eyes fixed on the windows, watching the lighted streets where few people were about, for they were in the suburbs now. She hardly

Emotion

Tony had returned very slowly along the road and Pete did not see him, he was only aware that a small car suddenly shot away and was gone.

"The blighter is doing more than thirty," Pete thought as he turned into the big gate and pulled the wrought-iron hand-bell.

He walked round Fayre's sitting-room, smoking cigarettes and pressing them out again. His nerves were jangling. As Fayre came, floating in a crinoline frock of white tulle with diamonds embroidered on the bodice, he caught her arms, dragging her into the light where he could see her lovely, piquant face, her taupe eyes, her hair piled on top of her head and pierced with golden gleams, the lovely mouth with the upper lip curling out and up. Her expression he could not read. He said huskily:

"Fayre, run away with me." He had never used that tone before. It held finality. She saw him going away and herself alone. She felt battered as though great winds had blown her this way and that. Supposing something

heard, at least, with her ears, not with her heart.

"I'll make you happy. We'll just drift about the world until you want to settle down, and then we'll get some place we both like."

The car drew up outside the white house and Pete got out while Fayre said, "I'm afraid I can't suggest you coming up. It's late and we might disturb the household."

"That means I shall not be able to kiss you."

"Another time—when it's not so late."

"Will you dine with me to-morrow?"

"No; you come to me. I'll have a simple dinner. I can't run away from my work all the time."

Pretence

She was glad to reach her room. She threw off her coat and did not put on the lights, but knelt before the window seat, an ethereal figure in the moonlight that made a radiance in the turret room.

"I'm running away with Pete. I shall have to pretend to be Mrs. Harvel until Tony sees me free. Then I'll marry Pete. Supposing he refuses. I shall grow old, and Pete will have to pretend I am really his wife. And I shall miss having children."

She leant her forehead against the cold window pane. She wanted children. This home had taught her that. All these babies getting better under her care; babies loving her almost in a week or two...

There was a frightful lot to do, the matron was efficient. She might like to carry on if Fayre took the responsibility. Paris... Rome... Athens...

In her mind she was speeding on. One to the other with Pete beside her. People were asking, "Have you been married long?" Old ladies always wanted to know that from young brides. It would be hard remembering a date. She must think out a wedding dress she would be able to tell them about. Ice blue, in February, at St. Mark's...

Her mind went round and round. Why hadn't Pete left her alone? She would have gone on looking after other women's babies.

Phyllis would say, "You'll regret it as long as you live." Grace would say, "At last you're being sensible." Grace was marrying a rich French widower with three children. "I'll make an impossible stepmother, but not a cruel one," her letter had said. Phyllis had Mickey. "Another baby will arrive in September, Fayre. We're terribly excited about it and long for a boy." Phyllis with her eyes sparkling and Mickey being ever so kind to her and saving her any bothers.

Comfort

Fayre felt the tears creeping up. She was alone, but there was Pete. She heard the faint cry of a baby and instantly she wiped her eyes. There was one small mite who refused to be comforted by anyone else. She ran down the stairs, holding up her masses of white tulle with its crystal embroideries, into the little room where the small boy refused to dry his tears.

Fayre took him from the nurse's arms, his downy head pressed against her shoulder, she said, "There, there, honey-bud." The moon was in that room, too, and the nurse had not put on the light, thinking the darkness would help to make "honey-bud" sleep. She stood there feeling a sense of awe. Fayre did not seem real in white and silver, moonlit.

"Good-morning, Krane."

"It's a lovely day, sunny and a trifle cold, sir."

Tony lay down and watched him with morning coffee, the paper and letters. Then he said abruptly:

"To-day, Krane, I shall take rooms in Hampstead, or somewhere like that, and you are going to have three months' holiday at my expense."

"I'm afraid not, sir. I have already taken a flat large enough for two."

Krane arranged the curtains in exact folds as Tony sat bolt upright in bed.

"What the devil do you mean?"

"I'm sorry I was not clear. I have rented a furnished flat in your name, sir. I knew it was no use taking it in mine because you would not live in it. I took the liberty of choosing it, and paying a deposit on it. The bulk of your luggage, sir, was moved there late yesterday afternoon. I hope you will like it. I'm afraid it is very modest, but it is comfortable."

"Krane, I never thought you had the cunning of a criminal. I say you're going—sacked—dismissed—turned out—not wanted. Understand?"

"Perfectly, sir. But if you are thinking of taking a job, you'll need someone to cook for you. I may not have the time to be a good valet, but I know exactly how you like your steaks done."

"I shall not be able to afford steaks," Tony shouted furiously.

Depression

"Well, sir, Clapham is a cheap district. I can assure you I know how to be economical. Your bath is ready. I'll telephone the garage to send your new car round and then, sir, if I may suggest it, we can go there in time for lunch. I arranged that would be possible. They are drawing up the agreement for three months and it will be there waiting for you to sign."

"Get up, Tony shouted. Krane smiled indignantly, for a second it was a gleam of sun shining from his chubby face.

"Very good, sir. I'll be downstairs seeing to the rest of the baggage."

When he shut himself out, Tony groaned, sitting up in bed, his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands. Damn Krane. Damn the world. What the devil was he going to do?

TO BE CONTINUED
(Copyright by Mills and Boon, Ltd.)

The Scourge of Modern Life

NEURASTHENIA

Turned healthy man into BUNDLE OF NERVES

DAINGEROUS NEGLECT—SAVED JUST IN TIME

A Case from Dr. Cassells Records

THE dreadful thing about neurasthenia is that there is so little understanding and sympathy for those who suffer from it. Friends and relatives will put it down to imagination and even doctors often make the same mistake. But neurasthenia is very serious. If neglected it leads to complete nervous breakdown.

Mr. J.B.P. of Gloucester was really ill with neurasthenia. He was not only in pain, but when he tried to rest at night and ease his nervous system, he could not sleep. "I was just a bundle of nerves and suffered from sleeplessness and rheumatism. After trying several remedies which proved of no avail, I tried Dr. Cassells Tablets and now I am pleased to say that I am as fit as a fiddle; completely restored to my normal self. I cannot praise Cassells too highly."

Note the three things about Mr. P's case. His rheumatic pains? were nerve pains. His sleeplessness? was a nervous breakdown. His inability to rest? was a nervous breakdown.

WHAT A CONTRAST! Usually the case. Because he was a bundle of nerves he could not sleep. And because his case like so many others, was not understood properly, he had many disappointments before he found relief in the one scientific remedy which is specially made to deal with nerve weakness.

If you suffer from neurasthenia, never know what it is to get a good night's rest and are always holding yourself together, fearing that complete breakdown will result if you once let your nerves get the better of you, start taking Dr. Cassells Tablets at once. Mr. P's case is no isolated one. There are thousands like it—and thousands have been restored to health by Dr. Cassells scientific treatment for the nerves. It can do just the same for you. But don't delay.

Prices: 1/3, 3/- & 5/-. Trial Size 6d.

Take Good Advice

Take Dr. Cassells TABLETS

Suffered 8 years with ULCERATED STOMACH

Those who have suffered the agonies of stomach trouble will find renewed hope in a letter from Mr. Hatherley, Doctor of Medicine.

"I have suffered from ulcerated stomach for eight years," he writes. "At first the pain has been almost unbearable. I used three 2/- bottles of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder a day, under care on and off for years, but no relief. Then he decided to try Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. It cured me without operation by a steady course of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. It does put a soothing alkaline film on the inflamed surface and thus gives the ulcer a chance to heal."

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is only genuine if the wrapper bears the name of ALEX. C. MACLEAN, of London, and contains 1/3, 3/- and 5/- bottles. New slide-top packets (50 tablets), 1/3; also 6d. tin (15 tablets).—Adv.

You'd look lovely in this Charming Coat

YOURS FOR 14d. ONLY

Write for Illustrated Catalogue

The 8-Button Strangler

Designed specially for you. When you see it you'll say "That's mine!" Get it on approval. No money down. You'll keep it without doubt. It's the only coat that's been made by an expert tailor. It's the only coat that's been made by an expert tailor. It's the only coat that's been made by an expert tailor.

Black, Navy, Grey, Brown, Tan, White, and many other colors. Size 10 to 14. Price 14d. only. Write for Catalogue. J. G. D. & Co., 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

MADE FOR EACH OTHER

← ALAN and GWEN →

TUESDAY EVENING

MR. BROWN WAS CURT WITH ME AT THE OFFICE TODAY! THAT'S BECAUSE YOU WERE UNPLEASANT TO EVERYONE LAST NIGHT... YOU SEEM TO FORGET HE'S MY BOSS!

I'M SORRY, ALAN, BUT I WAS SO ON EDGE I COULDN'T BE NICE AT THE PARTY...

AT THE BROWN'S WAS SO WORK OUT FROM SCRUBBING CLOTHES AND DOING HOUSEWORK THAT I DIDN'T HAVE A WORD TO SAY! ALAN WAS FURIOUS!

WHY ON EARTH DO YOU RUB CLOTHES CLEAN? I'LL SHOW YOU A NEW WAY...

THE NEXT MONDAY

LOOK, GWEN, THE INSTRUCTIONS ARE ON THE PACKET. A 2-MINUTE SOAK FOR COLOURS. NO HARD RUBBING, AND EVERYTHING WILL BE BRILLIANT.

THEY WON'T BE CLEAN ENOUGH TO PLEASE ME, I'M SURE!

WELL, ARE YOU SATISFIED, GWEN?

I'M THRILLED! I'VE NEVER HAD SUCH A BRILLIANTLY CLEAN WASH! I'VE SAVED 30 MINUTES' FUEL—AND MY WHOLE WASH IS OUT TO DRY FASTER! SOONER, ETHEL, I'VE AS FRESH AS A DAISY!

A FEW MONDAYS LATER

I ASKED MR. BROWN TO SUPPER, DARLING...

YOU MEAN I ASKED MYSELF! MY FAMILY'S AWAY, AND I DO ENJOY SPENDING THE EVENING WITH YOU... YOU'RE SO HOSPITABLE!

THIS IS GRAND, ALAN! I FEEL JUST LIKE A PARTY!

THANKS TO RINSO!

MODERN WASHING METHODS BREAK ALL RECORDS FOR SPEED AND EASE!

WASHING CLOTHES—once the heaviest job of the week—has now become quick, easy, pleasant—thanks to the new, scientific Rinsol methods! Women are getting their white things absolutely snowy, their colours beautifully fresh and bright, without any long soaking, hard rubbing or long boiling! Whites get the Rinsol 2-minute soak. Simply put them into the copper in lukewarm Rinsol suds and bring them to the boil, as usual. (Damp any extra-dirty places first, and smooth in a little dry Rinsol.) Boil them for just 2 minutes, and they'll be white as snow! Colours get the Rinsol 12-minute soak. Put them into the sink in hand-hot Rinsol suds, leave them there for 12 minutes, and they'll be gloriously fresh! Woollens and fine things, of course, need only a quick wash—through in cool Rinsol suds. And Rinsol is so economical! It costs only 3d., 6d. or 1/- a packet.

RINSO
R. S. Hudson Limited, London

Edward Lyndoe's Predictions

PEACE TALKS WILL BE HEARD SOON!

PLAN WITH THE PLANETS

BEHIND THE PRESENT LULL IN EUROPE IS A TUG-OF-WAR IN GERMANY WHICH IS GOING TO MAKE HISTORY. I GAVE A HINT OF THIS MONTHS AGO.

Among the high-ups a struggle for power develops. Field-Marshal Goering is clearly identifiable as a tremendous factor and he, with his supporters, is destined to make startling strides shortly.

MEANTIME, don't be fooled by Hitler's holiday spirit and what not. He is about to start more nonsense. All the same, I advised you that the democracies would secure the initiative in the game this month, and remind you now that the "peace talk" of recent days will gain impetus during the month of August.

ONE of the most amazing issues in the Danzig mess looks like being the completely mad idea of another of those corridors being driven through. Difficult to discern the full implications from my charts, but I consider one of the Baltic countries is due for a lot of trouble in consequence. That Germany interferes with another of her neighbours and causes a new scare can be taken for granted. I feel sure that September will see this job enacted. It is decidedly a fizzle in outcome.

SIGNS of internal struggle in Italy multiply. There is strong evidence in my charts of the Duce coming to a (possibly secret) arrangement with Britain. That he is contemplating a seemingly idiotic military move shortly is clear enough. Looks as if this is part of a bluff designed to hamper German hoththeadedness. Count Italy out of any worries you may have after mid-August. And watch the fortunes of young Ciano. I predict a fall for him soon.



GENERAL QUEIPO DE LLANO

BRIEF BIRTHDAY INDICATIONS

(Applying to those whose anniversaries occur this week.)

TODAY

IN my opinion you can look forward to a pleasant twelvemonth beginning today, although there are one or two points which will have to be watched. Perhaps the most irritating feature of the year is the manner in which good spells alternate with periods in which it is almost impossible to get a move on with plans.

In general, however, there are sound opportunities for progress and a reassuringly healthy tone where finances are concerned.

TOMORROW

You will have no cause for disquietment this year so far as money is concerned. Business interests appear to flourish, and I do not doubt that most of your financial ventures will produce gratifying results. This does not mean, of course, that the year will be all plain sailing.

TUESDAY

Rather an up and down year for you, although the balance seems to work out in your favour. Every prospect of improvement in the financial situation, but this may be offset by a tendency to indulge in extravagance, or sheer carelessness, which eats up the gains. I advise against starting any ambitious new projects.

WEDNESDAY

This promises to be one of the steadiest and most helpful years you have had for a long time. There is nothing spectacular about it, but most of the developments due now lead to greatly increased stability in all your interests. In financial affairs you can count on a number of gains.

THURSDAY

In many ways a somewhat disappointing year, in spite of the absence of major difficulties. Most of the gains arise out of your own rash action, and I strongly urge you to be on your guard against hasty decisions of any kind.

FRIDAY

A number of interesting changes this year more than make up for the disappointments in other directions. New undertakings flourish. You can experiment now to your heart's content and originality will certainly pay. There is a distinct possibility of gains from unexpected quarters.

SATURDAY

One of the best years you have had so far. Every opportunity now to realise your ambitions, and I regard some improvement in your general status as inevitable. Occupational interests, in particular, are under extremely helpful influences and you can count on good financial returns in nearly all your business undertakings.

MISFORTUNES dog the Spanish end of the grand plot. Franco, precisely as I predicted, is having to look up some of his favourite war-time generals. Remember my hint about radio-bawler de Llano? His appointment as Ambassador to the Argentine strongly suggests "exile." This is just the start. The rot will spread rapidly during the next five or six weeks.

THERE are peculiar indications before me of French activities in Morocco. The Spanish area seems to be mostly affected, and I consider it probable that our allies are going to make a rather sensational move in a few weeks at most.

The supposed menaces of Gibraltar will then find themselves menaced. In fact, there's going to be another shout of encirclement. Mark my words, the importance of these developments will have great significance in the next twelvemonth.

AGAINST all expectations and other predictions, I think I stood alone in announcing a pacific conclusion to the bother with Japan. I remind you of my seemingly rash prediction of the Axis losing a member one of these fine days, and one of Britain's ancient friendships revived.

JAPAN'S luck, however, is out, for she is about to find the difficulties with Russia multiplying uncomfortably. Look out for a first-class upset there in a few weeks. These will be accompanied by an angry outburst against Germany for her approaches to Stalin. In my judgment the dangers of a Russo-Japanese conflict will be heightened well before this year is out.

SOON, comes very welcome news of improvement in dealings with Eire, and there should be incidents which strengthen optimism about the future.

WEATHER continues summery till Wednesday or Thursday. After then I expect a drop in the thermometer and the advent of some changeable conditions over most parts of the British Isles. Coming week-end holds chances of rain in some parts.

HOW WE ALL STAND THIS WEEK

(Look for your birth date below to find your section.)

MARCH 21 to APRIL 20

SOMEWHAT troublesome week. The early days are disturbed by domestic friction. Later £ s. d. becomes a problem and you will have to watch your step. Fortunately, these snags are offset by pleasing developments in connection with your job.

APRIL 21 to MAY 20

Care is essential this week in handling all matters of a domestic nature. You begin by finding yourself in the thick of a distinctly quarrelsome atmosphere, and I strongly urge you to plan everything on quiet lines until Thursday. You can then count on a swing-over to brighter conditions.

MAY 21 to JUNE 20

A week of mixed influences, and I advise you to resign yourself to going slow for a few days. The early part of the week is inclined to be dull, and Tuesday, in particular, shows signs of at least one distressing emphasis is likely to be placed on the question of changes these days. I advise you to play for time and to avoid committing yourself at this stage.

JUNE 21 to JULY 20

Financial benefits due very shortly are bound to cheer you up. Towards the middle of the week there is a marked improvement in domestic business interests. Home affairs, too, come under pleasant influences.

JULY 21 to AUGUST 21

I recommend Wednesday to you people as far and away the best day of the seven for tackling important plans. The early days are rather spoiled for many of you by the fact that you tend to feel below par physically, and I advise you to take things quietly for a time.

A dull opening to the week culminates in a dispute on Tuesday which throws all your plans out of gear. I strongly advise you not to tackle changes these days in spite of the temptation to embark on new moves.

IF YOUR BIRTHDAY IS THIS WEEK, you can have a specially compiled Monthly Forecast of your affairs up to the end of July, 1940 (over 3,500 words) by applying AT ONCE, together with a P.O. for 2/- to cover clerical and postage costs. State name (Mr., Mrs. or Miss), full postal address, date of birth, and send to Edward Lyndoe, c/o "The People," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.



"You needn't be rich to be particular!"

She's wise to feed him well, to give him John West's Middle-cut Salmon for tea. It's the best part of a prime red salmon cooked in all its freshness to melting tenderness. Every tasty morsel is full of nourishment—rich with its natural oils. It's a tempting treat for a tired man—a feast for a hungry one.

Insist on the best, and buy

JOHN WEST'S Middle-cut SALMON

PELLING, STANLEY AND CO., LTD., LIVERPOOL, AND 8 EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3. J.W. 123-542

SPECIAL UNDER HALF-PRICE OFFER OF

POCKET BAROMETERS

Forecast your holiday weather with ease.

NOW ONLY 2/9 Post 3d.

TO CLEAR

These scientific instruments, which have been carried in the pocket, can be used to forecast the weather with the greatest accuracy. Satisfaction or money returned.

Write or call: Marine & Overseas Services, Ltd., (Dept. 53), 16, BARTER STREET, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

JACK, JILL, JERRY and JIM Cut, clipped, clipped or torn out with the KENNEL KLIPPER

COSTS ONLY 1/9 Postage 3d.

Will keep your dog's coat in perfect condition. This blade is so small and light that it can be carried in the pocket. It is made of the finest material and is guaranteed to last for years. Satisfaction or money returned.

Write or call: Marine & Overseas Services, Ltd., (Dept. 53), 16, BARTER STREET, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

SALE OF SURPLUS INSTRUMENTS

SOLAR WATCH and COMPASS

BRITISH PATENT COMBINED

The Watch that never requires winding. NOW ONLY 1/9 Post 3d.

These scientific instruments, which have been carried in the pocket, can be used to forecast the weather with the greatest accuracy. Satisfaction or money returned.

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PIANO PLAYER Post Free 9d.

Easily fits in the pocket. Pushes you to be the life of the party. Only 9d.

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Write or call: Marine & Overseas Services, Ltd., (Dept. 53), 16, BARTER STREET, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

NEW HAIR—WAVY HAIR—LOVELY HAIR—DANDRUFF GOES LIKE MAGIC

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Handbag or Pocket 3/6 ELECTRIC COMBS

4ins. LONG NOW ONLY 1/9 Post Free

Definitely proved that the gentle force of electricity passing through the roots of the hair gives natural, healthy, wavy hair. In position. 2/6 Dandruff goes like magic. Special leather carrying case to take these Combs only 6d. extra. Order NOW! Delivery by express. British Mail.

MARINE & OVERSEAS SERVICES LTD. (Dept. 53), 16, BARTER STREET, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

SEEN ON THE SCREEN

By S. ROSSITER SHEPHERD

THIS is the sort of weather when a few honest-to-goodness thrillers that send a chill up the spine and really make the blood run cold might be regarded as seasonable and welcome.

But it is also the time of year when most picturegoers are presumed to be basking in the sun at Margate or Menton, according to whether they represent the sixpennies or seven-and-six-pennies.

In consequence, most that is less enervating in motion pictures is kept in cold storage until the film boom months of the autumn and winter, which is the reason this week's offerings in the general release list are not calculated to astound by their brilliance or stun you with entertainment.

"I KILLED THE COUNT" NEVERTHELESS, bearing this in mind, "I Killed the Count," starring your old chum Syd Walker, Ben Lyon, Terence de Marney, Antonette Cellier and Athole Stewart, is not so bad.

Someone having most certainly killed the count, Syd Walker, as a detective, is called upon to clear up the mystery. The plot is intricate, made more so by four "phony" confessions. But what really matters is Walker's performance as the puzzled sleuth, and therein lies the picture's real charm.

I WAS A SPY (Re-issue) ONE of the best pictures of its day, somewhere back in 1933, it has the real-life story of Martha Knockhaert, and Athole Stewart, is not so bad. The young Belgian patriot who rendered such great service to British Military Intelligence during the war, as its basis. Madeleine Carroll is seen as Martha.

and if she fails to strike fire to the part the film is fortunate that it does not rely on stars for its success.

The war-time atmosphere of Roulers, where most of the action takes place, has been well recaptured, and Conrad Veidt as the German commandant is rich and full.

LET FREEDOM RING MELODRAMA about crooked railways building in America, in which Virginia Bruce, the heroine, sings "The Star-spangled Banner" to a lot of immigrants who have been skinned by a Big Boss of Wall-street.

A queer picture, really, dripping with bathos, with plenty of action and thrills and Nelson Eddy getting in some impressive vocal exercises.

OFF THE RECORD PRAT O'BRIEN, Joan Blondell and Bobby Jordan in a lively, incredible and quick-moving newspaper drama of toughs and regeneration.

AMUSEMENT GUIDE

THEATRES

APOLLO, 8.30. Tu, Th, 2.30. OF MICE & MEN. Claire Luce, John Mills, Niall MacGinnis.

COLISEUM, Ch. X. Tem 3.00, 6.30 & 9. One Week: THEY WALK ALONE. 1/- to 5/-.

DURBY LANE, (Tem. 711) 8.0, Wed, 6.30, 9.0. LYON NOVELLO in "THE DANCING YEARS."

GARRICK, (Tem. 4601) Even 6.15, Wed, Th, 2.30. THE DESERT SONG, with BRUCE GARDNER and DORIS FRANCIS. Prices: 1/6 to 7/6.

HIS MAJESTY, (W. 4606) 8.30, Wed, Sat, 2.30. THE DEVIL TO PAY, by Dorothy L. Sayers. A Comedy by Doris Smith.

L'HOM, Ger. 3.00. Evenings, 8.30 sharp. THE WOMEN. Mat. Weds. and Thurs at 2.30.

OPEN AIR, (W. 3162) 8.15. Tue, Th, Sat, 2.30. "TWELFTH NIGHT" (One Week Only).

PALACE, (Ger. 6214) Evenings 6.15. JACK RUSSELL and CICELY COURTNEY in "UNDER YOUR HAT" Mat. Tues, Thurs, 2.30.

PICCADILLY, Ger. 4806. Last Week. Evings 8.30. Weds, Sat, 2.30. SPRING MEETING. Prices: 1/6 to 6/6. All seats bookable.

QUEEN'S, (Ger. 4517). Closed. Reopening Monday, Aug. 14. MARIE TEMPEST in DEAR OCTOPUS, a Comedy by Doris Smith.

ST. JAMES' (W. 3002) AFTER THE DANCE. Evings 8.30 sharp. Mat. Wed, Thurs, 2.30.

STRAND, (Tem. 2890) THE GENTLE PEOPLE. Evings 8.30. Thu, Sat, 2.30. THE THRILL PLAY.

CONTINUOUS REVUE

PRINCE OF WALES, (W. 6611) 2.0 till 11.30. GAUDES DE MONTMARTRE. Douglas Bynoe.

CARLTON, Jack Benny, Dorothy Lamour, Edward Arnold, Man About Town (A). 7.15, 8.30, 9.30.

EMPIRE, Leicester Sq. Cont. to-night, 8.30 to 11.0. MYRNA LOY, ROBERT TAYLOR in "LUCKY NIGHT."

LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE, (W. 5282) 6.0 & 8.30. "THE NEW SWEET SITS" (A) starring DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR., BASIL RATHBONE. Week-day Revue at 12.0, 2.15, 4.30, 6.45, 8.0.

LONDON PAVILION, (Tem. 411) 8.30 & 8.15. STARRING BRIAN AHERNE, VICTOR MCGILLIN. Tomorrow: Harry Lauder in "THE REBEL SON."

OPERA, Leicester Sq. Tonight 6.0 and 8.30. Ralph Richardson, Laurence Olivier, Valerie Hobson, in "Q. PLAINS" (U) Also "KING VULTURE." Week-day Revue at 10.0, 12.15, 2.0, 4.45, 7.0, 9.15.

PLAZA, Pic. Circus. "THE SAINT IN LONDON." George Sanders, Sally Gray (A). Th. 5.30, 8.15.

WARNER THEATRE, Leicester Sq. (Ger. 3423). "CONFESSIONS OF A NUTTY SPY" (A) starring STARRING EDWARD G. ROBINSON. Tonight at 8.15 & 9.15. Press at 5.30 & 8.20.

EXHIBITION

MARINE TUNNARD'S Exhibition. Daily & Sundays. 10-10. Portrait Model: POPE PIUS XII.

STOP STOMACH PAIN!

For the Stomach Bisurated Magnesia 24 tablets 6d

THE QUICKEST WAY TO STOP INDIGESTION

is to remove the cause of the trouble—excess stomach acid. Recent medical research and X-ray experiments proved that "Bisurated" Magnesia contains the quickest-acting and most effective antacid and stomach correctives known to medical science.

ECONOMY SIZES 1/3 & 2/6 (POWDER or TABLETS)

FOR HURTING FEET

You have the remedy in your own home

FOR hot, sore, swollen feet there is no need to buy expensive remedies. Just rub in some "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly before going to bed. It soothes and softens the hard, rough patches, quickly takes down the swelling. Jar 4d., 6d., 9d. Also in handy tubes and tins.

Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Corp'd. Victoria Road, London, N.W.10

Vaseline instant relief Petroleum Jelly

The Shape of Things to Come



When you eat between meals, make it a Chocolate Crisp—for your figure's sake!

IT'S those crispy thin wafers in Chocolate Crisp that save you from adding to the old figure's curves. Any doctor will confirm that this particular kind of chocolate block produces a slower rise of blood-sugar and that means you don't get hungry again so quickly. Result: you're not tempted to go on nibbling between meals and when mealtime comes you don't eat too much. So, for your figure's sake, enjoy Chocolate Crisp—it's a perfect Meal Between Meals.

STAY AS SLIM AS YOU ARE!

STILL RAINING AT MANCHESTER

Collection Of Runs —At The Ov

When the bull headed 280 Harbord
Dwight Brown, he growled and snarled
the spotlight and reached his century as
the 300 lb. animal leaped at him.
before Brown held him when he mis-
Squire.

"It was out to his first chance in a
stay of four and a half hours. He hit 14
times and scored 67 points in 10
hours and hit ten feet.

"The crowd cheered for Parker and
was bowled, but Yardley went on con-
fidently for a time, and Wood was also

When a lad of seventeen, Leslie played for Barking, the amateur club, and later went to France, where he gained a big reputation as a clever dribbler and goal-scorer.

Davies (E.) not out	2
Extras	1
Total (for 9)	13
<p>TO BAT.—M. J. Turnbull, Bierley, Davys (D.), Hart, Jones (E. C.), Davies (H.), Matthews; Judge Mercer.</p>	
<p>WORCESTER.—A. F. T. White, C. H. Palmer, Stanning, Cooper, King, Gibbons, Martin, Perkins, Yarnold and Jenkins.</p>	

WHERE THERE WAS NO PLAY
 Manchester.—Lancs v. Gloucestershire

BIG THRILL AT GRAVESEND
This is how Evans, Kent's new wicketkeeper, disposed of R. H. Buckston, the Derby captain.

Kent Take First Points

Edmonton 142.	Fagg run out	20
Bridgman 185 for 6 dec.	P. G. Foster b Mitchell	16
Sphere 148.	Spencer not out	0
Edmonton 148.	Ames not out	7
Bromley 128 for 8.		
Oxford 185.		
Walthamstow 150 for 8.		

[illegible]

London: Long Acre, W.C.2, England.
Manchester: Chester-st., Oxford-rd., Eng.
July 30, 1939.